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# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 23. [General of the U. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1894. [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



COUNTRESS OF ABERDEEN.

## The Countess of Aberdeen

PRESIDES AT A

### Mass Meeting of Women

—AT THE—

PAVILION, TORONTO.

She Deplores Social and Industrial Conditions, and Suggests Practical Remedies for Some Existing Evils.

MRS. BOOTH REPRESENTS THE SALVATION ARMY.

AND IS WARMLY APPRAUDED.

(Sponsored from the Globe, P.M. 20th, 1894.)



MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

Many of the women of Toronto as the Pavilion could hold, were assembled in that building yesterday afternoon, when the Countess of Aberdeen discussed important social problems before the local branch of the National Council of Women. All classes of womanhood were represented, from factory operatives to leaders in the world of fashion, and all alike manifested the keenest interest in the thoughtful and earnest utterances of the distinguished speaker of the day. Her Excellency treated the great moral and social questions with which she dealt as questions for which speedy and practical solution must be found, and she was undeterred in her condemnation of existing evils by any tendency to temporize between right and wrong, which sometimes manifests itself in half-hearted movements for the betterment of the social conditions.

Her Excellency said: "It may seem great rashness to touch this question, but on the one

hand you hear the cry of the mistress for servants, and on the other hand you hear of hundreds of girls living on starvation wages. Can the women of Canada not do something to alter this condition of things?"

#### The Sweating System.

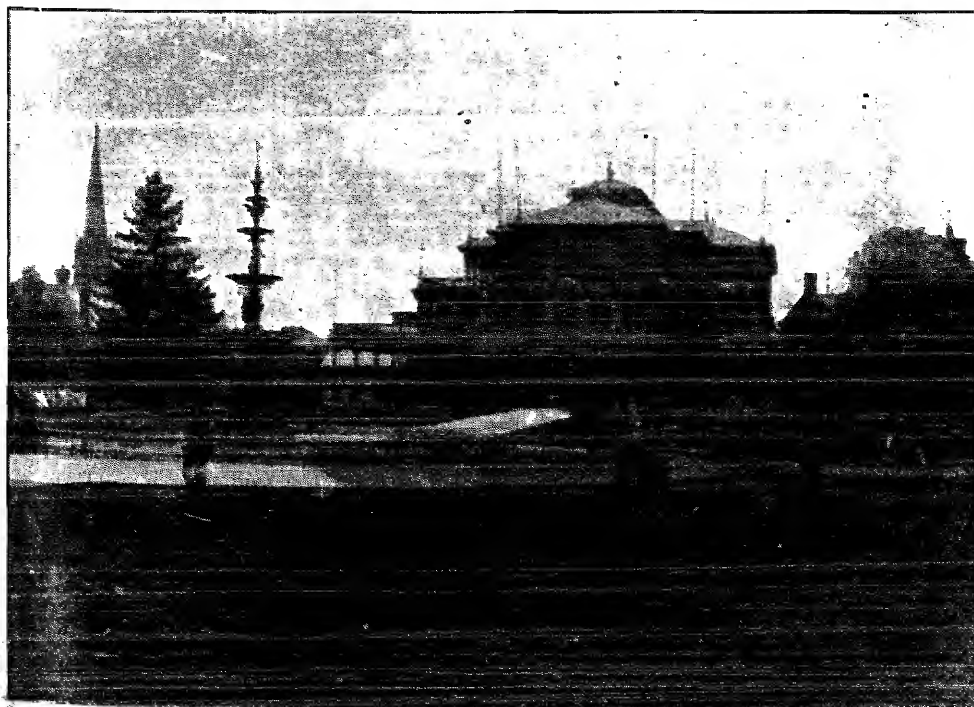
There is another subject which one would scarcely expect to have to bring before an audience in Toronto, or, indeed, in the New World, and that is what is called "the sweating system." It is only lately that I have learnt that these evils, which have become so prevalent at home, and are now occupying the thoughts of our public men, have not only made a beginning here, but have got a pretty firm foothold amongst us. I will only give a few of the facts as given to me. I think it is eminently a subject which the local Council might take up, and, after enquiry, consider how they could best deal with the facts. Of course, we find it is very much the same causes which bring about this state of things here as at home—that most of the ill-paid work is done at home.

I am told there are numbers of girls employed in making overalls who are paid 50 cents a dozen for making them; others who are making coats for 35 cents apiece, of course, supplying their own thread as well; then others making little boys' overalls, with buttons in front and three pockets, for 14 cents each, these coats taking about a day and a half each to make them; and 20 cents apiece for pants, also with pockets, etc.

"There are only samples, ladies, but one would scarcely believe that here in Toronto this state of things could exist, that there are women not living, but existing on such wages. What are the temptations these girls are being exposed to? How can we ment and pride ourselves on the progress of the world, and of all the good works which are going on in our midst, and yet think that there are all these left to struggle through life in this way? How can you expect anything in the way of morality or spiritual life from these poor girls? And yet, think of the numbers who do withstand all the terrible temptations they have to endure, and think what that means, how in a moment they have but to yield to be in comfort.

#### Factory Inspection.

"Again, when you speak of the factory girls, not only about their wages, but about the conditions under which they work, do we



THE PAVILION, TORONTO.

## A Tree

## The Salvation of An Opium Slave.

### AFTER SEVEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY.

The ancient city of St. Augustine is noted for its crucifixion. It is the Spanish town of America, and has recently become the Winter Kewport of the South. Being only about twenty-four hours from New York, it has become the resort of thousands who annually exchange the Northern cold Winter and inclement spring for a lovely Summer, in which oranges and roses mingle their perfume with pure ocean breezes.

There is but one St. Augustine, and it has quiet and curious features which are distinctly its own.

The narrow little streets with their

Foreign Names and Foreign Faces,

their overhanging balconies and high garden walls, through whose open doors one could catch glimpses of oranges and figs and waving bananas, make this old Florida town charming and peculiar among all American cities.

A sea wall extends the waterfront from Fort Marion to the United States barracks, and is familiarly called "Lover's walk." Near the center in the old town, built around an open square, called the Plaza, on which is situated the "Old Slave Market." Near this part of the city, on St. Francis Street, was the long house of its character to Florida, containing "the silent house in town." At the North end of the sea-wall stands Fort Marion, about 200 years old, built of engine stone from St. Augustine Island. The fort, which is the only example of medieval fortification on this continent, is a magnificent specimen of military engineering as developed at the time of its construction. It was about 100 years in building, and came of

The Work was done by the Captives in War.

The old tower de Leon spring, which was said to restore health and youth, is shown to the visitor about two miles from the city.

Several Nationalities or races are represented here, chiefly the Spaniards, the Mexicans, the negroes, and Americans from all parts of the Union.

But St. Augustine is not a Paradise. If gardens of beauty, the fragrance of its groves, and the balmy air of its climate are to Florida, the beauty of Eden, surely the Ancient City must be the "Garden of the Lord." But even here the trail of the serpent is over all, and the devil has his kingdom established.

The corps in St. Augustine is conspicuous indeed. Its soldiers and recruits comprise several nationalities, no Spaniards, French, Swedes, and Americans. Winter time is by far the best for us, for the city is then crowded with strangers from all parts of the Union, and some of whom flock to our meetings. Most of these, we fancy, would never think of going to the Army at home. Thus, St. Augustine presents

### A Grand Field for Seed-Sowing.

the driving away of prejudice, and the making of friends for the Army.

Passing from here to Jacksonville, the whole recent changes, for while the population there is as cosmopolitan as anywhere, yet its people are much more susceptible to Army influence. The Army has done a grand work here through Adjutant Smith, its pioneer, and others. It is true, the Adjutant has had some very dark days since his appointment here, the harvest of which has been in the growing of his dear wife to glory. Yet, even the overcast of the tenderest tie and the loneliness which follows, together with the security of men and funds to carry on the war, have not been able to move our devoted comrade.

I must mention one specimen of the work done here. Brother M— was born in Germany. His father, who was a colonel in the army, had to flee from that country in 1848. The family came to the States, and our brother had a roving life for some years, visiting South Africa and St. Helena. At the latter place he learned music. Later on he returned to the States, and went all through the war of 1861, being wounded several times. At its close he was pronounced to be in a halting consumption, and was advised by the doctor to go to Florida to die, as it was

impossible for him to live any more.

Our brother says: "I went and bought a horse and gun, and decided to get right away from all human beings in the woods." This he did, and lived for several months without seeing a human being.

One day, while out, he shot a rabbit, but did not kill it. The poor rabbit, in its lame condition, tried to escape, and our brother ran after it. After running some considerable distance he caught it, and the fact dawned upon him that he was a new man, for whereas, when he first came to Florida, he could scarcely crawl the streets, he had now been able to run a great distance without the least inconvenience. He therefore decided to return to the city. He thought he saw

A Tree that Bore Golden Fruit.

On his return to the city he thought he would go in to make his dream a reality. So he commenced to hunt an escaped slave, and later on he started a tobacco factory. Not being satisfied with either of them, he commenced to gather the palmetto which abounds in the State, and from this he made brooms of all descriptions. He is quite an inventive individual, and has spent years of his life in inventing machinery to prepare and make the palmetto fit for the market. He has succeeded, and is the possessor of several patents, all of which are now a means of revenue to him.

He was first

### Attracted to the Army

through hearing the blast of the cornet in the open-air. For God and religion he cared nothing, in fact he was noted as one of the biggest sinners in town. Being drunk, however, the cornet attracted his attention. He stopped to listen, and the Spirit of God convicted him of sin, and in a very short time he experienced conversion. He at once became a fighting warrior in our ranks, and a brave and true soldier. The sinners of which he had been a member were within reach of the Gospel.

There have been several struggles in his life since conversion. The first was when

### He gave up Opium.

which he had used over seven years. He is a marvel to the doctors. Speaking of the time when he resolved to give up the opium, he said:

"It was as if ten thousand devils surrounded me while I prayed; I could not turn my head round nor see; but I wrestled and prayed, and finally got the victory."

Another trying moment was when the master for whom he was manager said: "You must either quit the Salvation Army or your position."

A moment's reflection brought the answer: "I have decided to remain a Salvationist, and will therefore quit your service."



Of course, it meant much, as our brother had struggled for years, often through poverty and want, to attain to the position he then held; nevertheless, he decided to sacrifice it for Christ. God blessed his fidelity, and it was not long until he was sent for by another man, who employed him at higher wages.

Very naturally his faith in God grew stronger than ever, and the same is true concerning his love for the Army, which was the means of leading him out of darkness into light.—The *Cinquepains*.

## A Refractory Girl.

The following is a clipping from an Australian *War Cry*, and gives an idea of the difficulties connected with the Social Work there—

"In our Abbeville street, there is one poor girl whose hard life has turned her into a perfect terror to all who come in contact with her. Her temper is unmanageable, and she simply defies authority. She has practically spent all her life in reformatories, her parents having deserted her when very little. She is a handsome girl, and perhaps the few which minister Army officers may yet win her to be a good one, but it is little encouragement she gives them. This last month, with her hand against all in the belief that all are against her, openly boasts, 'I have been in lots of reformatories, and they have had to get rid of me. I have been out of the other officers, and I will the Army officers, too, and will go on like this until the Government are glad to let me go.' She tells the Ensign and others who plead with her, 'Why should I care? I have no one who cares about me; the Government are my people, that is all.' To give an idea of her behavior, she absolutely refuses to work, and in her fits of rage will destroy anything within reach. For this reason, and for gross misconduct, the furniture of the room in which she slept was one day all removed except bed, and she was taken away; but it was not long before the pivot on which the window turned, was broken, and the latter thrown into the yard; the bed was covered with the door lock was wrenched off and put down a ventilator, and the beauty reduced she had served a triumph, if only a temporary one."

## OUT IN THE BLAST.

Out in the blast, the bitter blast,  
With the whitening snowflakes whirling fast,  
A woman stands, with look forlorn,  
To cross the day when she was born;  
Weary, and worn, and fallen she,  
Tortured by cruel misery.

Once in her life so fair as now,  
Once on her cheeks bloomed healthy glow;  
Clear and bright was her eagle eye,  
Far, far away was the tear and sigh.  
Came the forth in a joyous strain  
Her roses, till the welkin rang again.

Lured by the tempter one summer's day,  
As he passed like a courier on his way,  
Daring the glance of an evil eye,  
Nirvana, not care of the bitter cry  
That followed him hard in his hellish train,  
As he spread the blight of an endless shame.

Wretched, burdened, and cowed she,  
Cowering as hell and Satan's foe,  
Fainting the hours in fancy's strain,  
With a tale of love, of gold, of fame,  
Of days that fly in a blast of light,  
No sleeping gleam, nor shade, nor night.

Days of summer are fled and gone,  
Changed in the simple matter's swing;  
No bright card beneath the sky,  
No firm flesh from the eagle eye,  
Down, down, down to the depths of shame,  
With a branded brow and a fallen name.

One in the "courtier" gone for aye,  
One like a fiend that haunts the day,  
One with a heart as hard as steel,  
One on his cursed course of ill;  
One with his sin and hell-born flame  
To drag another poor soul to shame.

Out in the blast, the bitter blast,  
With the whitening snowflakes whirling fast,  
A woman stands, with look forlorn,  
To cross the day when she was born;  
While the man of shame, like a monster grim,  
Pursues the course of his sickening sin.

Oh, Christ! to Thee we breathe our woes,  
Thy heart of love our anguish knows;  
Our every pain, our every pain,  
Our floods of sin, our seas of shame,  
Oh, Christ! to Thee we cry, and we plead,  
"Revive Thy work," bid dead souls live,  
Thy "Bread of Life," oh, give, oh, give!  
Inspire to each the sacred love,  
That bids us "Go, and sin no more."

ALFRED DRENNAN.

## REDDY, THE ROUGH,

AND

### HIS TWO PALS.

They lived in a mining town in the "Old Land." Three more terrible men never lived. They were drinkers, fighters, gamblers, dead-beats, crooks, robbers, and everything else that was bad and wicked.

They were the terror of the town and country round about. Many a shop-tilt they "swiped," right in broad daylight, and would just as soon snatch a purse as eat. They were born tough, and even when they were young fellows at school, they once had a fight with a teacher, and threw him out of a window.

One Sunday afternoon they fell in with the Salvation Army open air meeting, while the Captain was having a drum-head collection. A great crowd of miners crowded their corners and half-crowns of a public house near by, for pennies and half-pennies, and threw them on the drum-head, till it was literally covered; not a bit of the parchment was left uncovered. Time after time they made the amount up to even shillings, and "spoiled it" by throwing a penny or two too much. The Captain managed to get sixteen shillings before they were ready to go to the barracks, and get the money in a small, black satchel also carried.

Reddy and his two companions were standing in the crowd, and enjoy the fun. The Captain spoke to them, and asked them to come to the barracks with them. Reddy replied he would go if she allowed him to carry the money to the barracks. Of course everybody expected this was only a ruse to get in possession of the pennies, and said if he "got his hands on it, he would skip out with it." They all were much surprised when she said she would trust him, and handed him the purse. Off he and his companions started on a "beast hunt," and made for the barracks, closely followed by the procession and the great crowd of people. They went right up to the front and took a seat, with the officers on each side, and there they sat the whole meeting through, still holding the money.

Of course, the meeting was a grand one, after the impetus it got at the open-air. Probably Reddy and the other two never were under such close firing from the Gospel guns before, and had never heard the wonderful things that Jesus could do, and as soon as they heard to the yard; the band was composed of the brightest, and longed to know personally something about it. Amidst great rejoicing and excitement, the three men knelt at the

penitent-form at the close of the meeting, and were really born again.

The news spread like wild-fire, and great crowds from all over the country came to see for themselves if it really was so that Reddy and his pals had joined the Salvation Army. A miracle had been performed; for they were generally converted, and the people were delighted to hear them testify. This was the means of a big revival starting, and hundreds of the miners and others got saved. In one pit alone there was one hundred saved miners. God saved Reddy just in time, for only a short while after his conversion he was killed by some timber and earth falling on him. Strange to say, one of the other two was also killed a very short time afterwards in the mines. The other one became a soldier, The Captain (Amos H—), was shortly transferred to the United States field.

F. K. S.

P.S.—The above was told me at the dinner-table by Tommy, the painter.

## The Infirmities of the Weak.

The Apostle Paul says, "We are that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and ought not to please ourselves."—Romans xii. 1. "The Word," says one, "that is rendered to bear witness to bear as pillars do the weight and burden and weight of the house; to bear as posts do bear their burdens, or as bones do bear the flesh, or rather, as parents bear their babes in their arms."

There are various ages and degrees of strength in the family of God; and it is a beautiful, pleasant, and proper duty that the strong should help the weak. The law of love which rules in His Kingdom, instead of casting the blind, the maimed, the sick and the infirm, to help one another, it requires those who are fortified to their present spiritual health, to consider them in their infirmities, and to render them all the sympathy and assistance in their power.

Observe, it is not the sin of the weak that the strong ought to bear, but the "infirmities," each one as are inevitable to their present state of bodily health, or mental condition, which they have not sufficiency of strength to bear themselves. Bearing their infirmities alone will be a burden beyond their power; and, with the loving aid of the strong they can endure them with patience and resignation.

There are three instances in which our Lord shows how the "strong" ought to "bear the infirmities of the weak." Peter, in the infirmities of his knowledge, declared in positive words when his Master wished to wash his feet, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Jesus did not act according to Peter's infirmity, but according to His own love and tenderness. He bore His disciple's infirmity, and washed his feet. Thomas showed his infirmity when, in the face of his brethren's testimony, he said he would not believe that Christ was risen, "except I shall see in His hands the prints of the nails and thrust my hands into His side." Jesus did not rebuke Thomas as a disciple for this infirmity of his faith, but He graciously considered his weakness, and bearing it in love, showed him as he wished—His feet. His hands, His side, and gave him the opportunity of doing as he desired. Peter, James and John, in the garden of agony, showed the infirmity of their flesh, but their patient Lord did not cast them off. He endured with meekness their infirmity, and even gave an extenuating explanation of it. Oh, how strong in love and consideration in our redeeming God, to be touched with and bear the infirmities of His people! What an example to be strong in faith, to bear the infirmities of the weak.

### Clipped from "A Record of Work in San Francisco Since Christmas."

"What are you doing in the Social Wing?" queries the *War Cry* man.

"During the six weeks just passed we have secured 1,340 families ranging from three to thirteen members, and in all degrees of distress. Some are pleading poverty from pure extravagance. We want to visit a lady who applied and was recommended as worthy of assistance, whom we found in a nice, well-furnished home, with two lady-like daughters singing as sweetly as if the world had no cares for them. They showed our visitor to a luxurious bedroom, where she found mamma sitting up in bed wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, with decanters of wine and other luxuries within easy reach. Her income for applying for assistance was that she heard that we were giving away sacks of flour, and she thought she might as well have some as not. This is an exceptional case, whereas the cases above named are not an exception.

"Out of this array of figures I have only found five cases who professed to be trusting in Jesus for pardon in time of need, for time and eternity. In these cases the jewels had not fallen into filth and squallor. On the contrary, they were a happy, hopeful look that said, 'All things work together for good for those who love the Lord.'"



# ANOTHER 'FRIDAY NIGHT OF BLESSING

AT THE

Y.W.C.A. Hall, Elm Street.

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH LEADING.

Splendid Crowd!—Audience En Rapport!

Commandant Delivers Rousing Address on "Principle versus Feeling;" "Daniel's Route to Heaven;" "Job and the Rooster;" "Having Done All, Stand."

MRS. BOOTH SINGS, AND DELIVERS STRAIGHT TRUTH.

Ensign Phillips was again the first soldier called upon to pray, immediately after the Commandant and Mrs. Booth entered the hall. Then came the chorus, bringing everyone into position, spiritually.

"Yes, bring Lord, I'm coming to Thee. Speak to my heart just now."

Ensign Frick, in petitioning the Throne, said: "We know Thy voice. We love Thee. From the revelation of Thyself to-night, may we more successfully overcome the devil."

"The angels have been instructed to get the blessings ready," cried Brigadier Holland as he lined out—

"Full salvation, Full and free for evermore."

"Amen!" responded many voices. The Commandant inveighed against former meetings, then one offered prayer, and

"Even me."

formed a petition for all hearts.

"Even me, Let some droppings fall on me."

sang we all, with grace. Ensign Jones' piano accompaniment, and Staff-Captain Fry's cornetting, mingling pleasingly with all.

Mother Florence prayed after the song about the "droppings," thanking Father for the blessings that come, not only in drops, but in showers.

Mrs. Booth, accompanying herself at the piano, gave us part of that beautifully expressive song, breathing holiest aspiration:

"Holy Spirit, lead me, I pray."

The first verse says:

"Jesus, my heart is panting to obtain The fullness of Thy Spirit now! Oh, cleanse my heart from every stain, And lead me by Thy path to Thy throne."

Rising, we sang that beautiful song.

"Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge."

to a grandly rolling old tune.

The Commandant encouraged all to take part in the meeting. "As all the physical parts of the body in good health make up a whole living organism, so for a meeting each individual should be in active co-operation, thus making one living whole."

Brigadier Holland read a well-known passage from the book of the prophet Isaiah, which begins, "In the year that King Uzziah died." Commenting at the close of his reading, the Brigadier said, "There are men of business whose integrity is undoubted; they pay up to the LAST CENT; they owe no man anything, and yet they never think of rendering a like return to the God who made them. These men are deaf to God's demands. Isaiah had been partly deaf to God's demands, but he confessed; then came the cleansing, then hearing, then the order to go. A commission to 'go' generally follows confession like Isaiah's."

THE COMMANDANT gave another address on "Real Religion." Last week he had shown that real religion was not works. On this occasion he wished to show that it was not an emotion, not a mere something of the sentiments.

The address was one of the best the Commandant has been heard to deliver; it secured strict attention and frequent vociferous expressions of approval. We might join a for bite captured:

Multitudes are swayed by their feelings. They reminded the Commandant of certain insects created with "feelers." Branching out from their bodies these "feelers" entirely direct the insect in its locomotion. It goes by feeling. Some Christians do ditto. If they feel religious, they go; if they do not feel religious, they do not go. They live on sentiment. Others, when feelings flicker, hush themselves for their apparent lack of religion, and when their religious feelings are excited they are apt to over-estimate their attainments.

Feelings Are Consequences, Not Causes, and they have no moral character, only as they are consequences. Feelings are helps. Dark feelings are the opportunity for God to test us. It is foolish people who are most used by God. Speaking on mistaking sentiment for religion, the Commandant said there are people who have such ability to play on the feelings of men and women that multitudes are thereby visibly affected, and they then imagine they have the great power of the Holy Ghost, when all the time it is mere emotionalism.

Take a theatrical play in illustration. There is a death scene. In the pale gleam

forth flames of death to their captors' in the teeth of feeling. Daniel went contrary to his feelings in not flinching from the monster's jaws. Through a lion's jaws to heaven he would go, sooner than forfeit principle and yield to feeling. Job, sitting on a dunghill, a mere bundle of bolts, triumphed over feelings sufficiently to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," even though there is no one left to sing my funeral chant, except the rooster, who will get up and crow it out.

Paul was a noble instance of the triumph of principle over feeling, and the Lord Jesus, a supreme example of it. (Christ was as much a man as He was God, and His fight was identical with ours.)

The Commandant here drew a graphic, verbal picture, expository of the words of St. Paul, "Having done all, to stand."

"That soldier, if when the bullets are flying around, and he is in danger of instant death; if then, notwithstanding wife and children, and every natural instinct to preserve life, he stands, then that man is a true saint."

"And God eric out for such. He wants saints with backbone enough to

women who will live in the spirit of the Gospel. Man should be as the wood in the Greek signifies, the "upward leaning one." Looking up we see Jesus, but looking down we would see the devil. It might be well to

Look More and Talk Less.

Too many are on the religious stage, men copyists when the indwelling Spirit of Christ might be theirs. That Spirit with given power for ardor; the light, instead of being flickering like a fire-fly, by

His Presence,

could be kept burning brightly."

The address was full of home thrusts, and urged the superiority of a life yielded up to the will of an indwelling Christ in contrastation to a life of imitation of Christ done in the energy of self.

At the close of the meeting we were glad to hear the Commandant announce yet another Friday night at the Y. W. C. A. Hall.

GOOD NEWS!—The Friday night meetings at Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, are to be continued through March.

## Central Provincial Notes.

BY BRIGADIER DE HOLLAND.

Our comrades will see from the back page that we have arranged for a Salvation tent on Good Friday. We are looking forward with holy expectancy to a visit, outpouring of God's Spirit. Will our officers and friends arrange to come into Toronto, Hamilton, Barrie, and Orillia for the different meetings.

Come prepared in soul; spend some time in prayer, and seek to be made a blessing to all.

Cheap tickets, return, can be got from the different railways. Complete arrangements are not yet made for Hamilton. Good Friday, Brigadier and Mrs. de Harcourt will start at seven p.m., with united Toronto troops, and will have meetings in the Temple all the time. He came and got there.

The Commandant's meetings at Hamilton, we shall look forward to with joy. May God be honored with many souls saved.

The 10th and 11th Driving Brigades will be paying a visit to the Central Provincial in their efforts to assist our poorer camps. They will come in the spirit of love and blessing for souls.

We are writing at Oakville. Thither we went for a visit to our country Salvation brothers. Our horses and team (three) gave up three miles from Oakville on the farm trip. Walked back to Oakville; secured the Captain we were men of peace, and out the boys that had spent the meeting. Found a bed on the floor, and from two till five a.m. slept as soundly as a bell, when the rest of the boys had gone to sleep.

Good idea that; Toronto officers hire a rig! Captain Hardman and Cadet Rose got up a banquet. Meeting and supper, splendid crowd, good offering, and good spiritual results.

For a lively, go ahead crowd, you should have seen these officers at the Oakville three day. How that crowd went back with real, salvation, holiness truth! Jonah denying, Jonah repenting, Jonah obeying was the theme. One soul went right from the meeting and spent two hours wrestling with God for deliverance. She got it.

Staff Captain Jewer (that man of resources) demonstrated the improvised band; cornets, Captain Wiseman; cornets, officers Caruthers, Banks, Harris; Cadet Bellman, Brigadier de Harcourt. Melody, yes; unison perfect; esprit de corps, splendid. God bless the band.

God is keeping our brave girls at Oakville and others, just as devoted, all through the Province. Pray for them. Pray for every officer on the battlefield. God shall give us the victory.

The Brigadier has paid a flying visit to Ottawa, Bowmanville, and Whitby. We have heard that the soldiers' meetings, held in the different places, were a wonderful encouragement and stimulus to our comrades. God bless them all the time.

We trust that every officer, soldier, and Auxiliary in the Central Ontario Province will join in united prayer with us at seven p.m. knee-drill. Men pray, more talk, fresh zeal, and God will help us to beautiful and complete victory. God grant it.

NOW READY!

Board volume of

"ALL THE WORLD," 1893.

Price \$1.75. Order at once. Only a small supply on hand.

# Lost! Lost! Lost!

LOST TO ALL THAT IS GOOD AND TRUE IN LIFE.

Lost to Mother,  
Lost to Wife,  
Lost to Home,  
Lost to Children,  
Lost to Happiness.

WHO? . . .

Many a poor fellow who, in the battle of life has gone to the wall. But there is

HOPE! HOPE!! HOPE!!!

The Social Wing of the Army is engaged in rescuing the lost. It is built for that purpose. Many have been won back from the depths of poverty and sin.

Back to Mother,  
Back to Wife,  
Back to Home,  
Back to Children,  
Back to Happiness,  
Back, above all,  
TO GOD—TO HOLINESS—TO HEAVEN.

But many are still left struggling, almost in despair—hungry, ill-clad, spiritless, almost hopeless. They say, "No man can save for my soul."

Do You Care?

Will you give YOURSELF up to the work of rescue and salvation? No gifts, did you say? You do not need gifts. The grace of God and a little common sense are essentials. That is all. Write to the COMMANDANT, at the Temple, Toronto, and offer. God bless you.

"Go for my wandering boy to-night, Go search for him where you will, But bring him to me with all his might, And tell him I love him still."

of the green shaded light the actor lies apparently dying. The audience goes all around. At the last flicker of life the curtain falls, and the great audience bursts into sob. But such emotions have in them no religion! So, stay, with many who at meetings hear transcendent themes expounded. Their emotions are stirred. How can they help but be? They feel much, but that is no proof that they have any real rock-bottom religion. What a hollow thing sentiment is! Do not be misled with less than the real fact of true religion, viz., love to God and sincere love to His cause. If feelings are not right, go to the root of the matter, put right the wrong, and feelings will soon follow.

Illustrating the fact, that to abide by principle, frequently means to go against feeling, the Commandant said men's best deeds have been done right in the teeth of feeling. Abraham offered his promised son, who we given him in the evening of life, right against feeling. The three Hebrew children went into the furnace that belched

down against the tide of feeling around. Having on the whole winner to stand.

Having so many examples of fidelity to principles of righteousness, shall we not follow their example? (Aye, yes! Amen!)

Mrs. Brigadier Holland next prayed that God would enable every heart to obey.

Following, came Mrs. Booth's song and address, commanding instant sympathetic attention. We quote a verse of the song:

"May I not tell it out to Thee, The sorrow of my heart? No other one could understand The things I would impart. Can I not bring it up to Thee, The burden of my life? No other arm could help away My woe and my strife."

Mrs. Booth's address was very animated and full of points. It excited many expressions of sympathy and approval. Mrs. Booth spoke against grumbling and gossip ("RINGS CHIRPING"), criticizing, etc. There are people whose houses are adorned with pretty Scripture texts, who fight like cats. "What the world needs is men and



THE  
Comma  
TOUR

Nuptials of En  
and Lieut.

CROWDS—BABIES N  
MENT—BUZZAS—ST  
—THREE CHEERS  
HAPPY CO

LONDON'S BARRAC  
SHELTER AN

BRIGADIER HOLL

It was by the rivers of  
ancients hung their ha  
and wept, but it was ar  
for more congenial that  
and his A. D. C. tarried  
waters of the Detroit riv  
been arranged that the  
sacred of all Army co  
mintage, was to take



On Sunday morning  
soldier in council in an  
Y. M. C. A. It is true  
were not visible, not  
sound of the mighty ru  
theless, we had the best  
that the power was ther  
Gatherings of this  
though the attendance  
and with one result,  
bleeding to the soldiers  
impetus to the work; a  
will be the outcome of  
writ.

Owing to the difficult  
of a larger hall we were  
the afternoon and even  
barracks. It had been  
that the Commandant w  
on the "Darkest Engla  
this he started in good  
he proceeded far to be  
to us a paradox, he w  
he finished." History  
valor done in the too  
circumstances; the  
Galileo; of Stephens  
Sharp; of Wellington  
be told while the worl  
passage of history recor  
onor who over accom  
a score of babies were  
each one was trying to  
above the din of affairs  
was the state of affairs  
The Commandant, Mr  
tried, and tried, and tr  
but after a vain attempt  
don of the house he gav  
possible youngsters, w

ive in the spirit of the  
old he as the word in the  
the "upward looking  
up we see Jesus, he  
could see the devil. I

and Talk Less.

he religious steps, and  
a unwilling, but a  
sire. That Spirit with  
it, the light, instead  
like a fire-fly, by

Presence,

ing brightly."

full of home thrills,  
eriority of a life yielded  
in dwelling Christ is  
a life of imitation of  
energy of self.

to meeting we were glad  
and announce yet  
at the Y. W. C. A.

The Friday night Meet-  
ing, Hall, Elm Street, on  
ough March.

vincial Notes

THE DE BARRETT.

It came from the back page  
of a Salvation Army  
We are looking forward  
to a rich outpouring of  
our officers and friends  
to Toronto, Hamilton,  
or the different meetings.

and I spend some time in  
be made a blessing to all.

turn, can be got from the  
Complete arrangements  
Hamilton. Good Friday,  
de Barre will start at  
10 o'clock Toronto troops, and  
in the Temple all the time.

the meetings at Hamilton  
to wish joy. May God  
his souls saved.

the Division Brigade will  
be. Help them, comrades,  
assist our poorer corps  
in spirit of love and bene-

at Oakville. Thither we  
to our country Salvation  
arm and team (hired gun  
a "hallo" on the lawn  
to Oakville; secured the  
on of peace, and set the  
the meeting. Found a  
from two till five a.m.  
a bell, when the rest of  
sleepers.

Toronto officers hire a rig;  
and Cadet Rose get up  
I support spiritual work  
and spiritual results.

about crowd, you should  
at the Oakville Town  
we were faced with a real  
truth? Jonah desiring  
Jonah obeying was de  
at night from the meeting  
a wrestling with God for  
it is.

er (that man of resources)  
improvised band; com-  
mens; cornet, flugel  
Harris; Cadet Redman,  
H. Melody, yet; organ  
s, splendid. God bless

brave girls at Oakville  
devoted, all through the  
them. Pray for every  
field. God shall give us

a paid a dying wish to  
le, and Whitley. We  
have souls saved, and so  
re' meetings, held in the  
a wonderful encourage-  
to our comrades. God  
ne.

very officer, soldier, and  
central Ontario Province  
prayer with us as travel  
prayer, more faithful  
will help us to be faithful  
God grant it.

READY!

volume of  
WORLD, 1893.

at 25c. Only a mail



## THE Commandant TOURING.

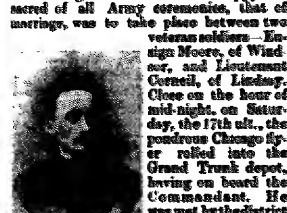
Nuptials of Ensign Moore  
and Lieut. Cornell.

CROWDS—BABIES HALLOO—EXCITE-  
MENT—MUZZAS—STACKS OF FUN  
—THREE CHEERS FOR THE  
HAPPY COUPLE.

LONDON'S BARRACKS—FOOD AND  
SHELTER AND P. G. E.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND REPORTS.

It was by the rivers of Babylon that the  
ancient hung their harps on the willows  
and wept, but it was under circumstances  
far more congenial that the Commandant  
and his A. D. C. tarried by the pale blue  
waters of the Detroit river, for had it not  
been arranged that that most happy and  
sacred of all Army ceremonies, that of  
marriages, was to take place between two



On Sunday morning he addressed his  
soldiers in council in an upper room of the  
Y. M. C. A. It is true the tongues of fire  
were not visible, neither was heard the  
sound of the mighty rushing wind, never-  
theless, we had the best possible evidence  
that the power was there, for we felt it.  
Gatherings of this description, even  
though the attendance be small, are only  
and with one result, "we in, a means of  
blessing to the soldiers and a consequent  
impetus to the work; such, without doubt,  
will be the outcome of the one of which we  
write.

Owing to the difficulty of getting the use  
of a larger hall we were forced to conduct  
the afternoon and evening meeting in the  
barracks. It had been announced at first  
that the Commandant would give an address  
on the "Darkened England Scheme." With  
this he started in good style, but before  
he proceeded far it became apparent that,  
to use a paradox, he would "close before  
he finished." History is full of deeds of  
valor done in the teeth of most difficult  
circumstances; the achievements of  
Gallio; of Stephenson; of Grenville  
Sharp; of Wellington; of Napoleon, will  
be told while the world stands; but no  
page of history recounts the story of an  
orator who over accomplished much, where  
a score of babies were present, and when  
each one was trying to make itself heard  
above the din of the others. Such, indeed,  
was the state of affairs on Sunday afternoon.  
The Commandant, like the great Prince,  
tried, and tried, and tried again to succeed,  
but after a vain attempt to hold the attention  
of the house he gave way to the irre-  
pressible youngsters, whom, he joyously

remarked, "I feel singing better than speak-  
ing." The remainder of the afternoon was  
turned to good account by song and festi-  
vity. The meeting throughout was, not-  
withstanding the distraction, one of much  
blessing.

The evening gathering was one of  
power; the spirit of conviction rested upon  
the unwearied; red hot grapes and canister  
shot were hurled at the enemy, and at the  
close of a well-fought, pungent meeting we  
rejoiced over several sinners crying for  
mercy.

The event in which the chief part of the in-  
terest was centered, was the wedding on Mon-  
day evening. This was preceded by a wed-  
ding banquet, which was attended and en-  
joyed by a large number of soldiers and  
friends of Windsor and district. For the  
ceremony itself, the large Presbyterian  
Church had been kindly loaned for the  
occasion. From 7.30 to 8 p.m., the people  
came in crowds, and within a quarter of an  
hour, the spacious building was fairly  
packed—gallery, stairs, and aisles included.

We very much question whether such a  
large congregation had ever before been  
packed between those four walls. The  
Commandant was in the best of spirits, and  
held the audience from first to last. For  
an account of the meeting, we quote from  
the Windsor Review:

### UNDER THE FLAG!

Ensign Moore and Lieutenant Cor-  
nell Married

BY COMMANDANT BOOTH AT ST.  
ANDREWS CHURCH.

THE SALVATIONISTS HAVE A HALLO-  
LOUJAH TIME.

S. R. O.  
That means, "Standing room only."  
There wasn't even that at St. Andrew's  
Presbyterian Church last night.

There was a perfect jam, and long before  
the time for opening came, the doors had to  
be locked.

Even then people crowded outside the en-  
trance, and a number found their way through  
the school room, and thence into the audi-  
torium.

Inside, there was a vast congregation of  
people. There were Presbyterians, Metho-  
dists, Anglicans, Baptists, Catholics, and Sal-  
vationists.

The latter were very much in evidence.  
Pike bonnets were in promiscuous profusion,  
while the blue coats and red jerseys of the  
soldiers, added color to the scene.

Their presence was quite plainly indicated  
in another manner. They could be heard,  
too, and it didn't require an ear trumpet to  
catch the sound of their "hallo-loujaha" and  
"amen."

These Salvationists are a merry lot, particu-  
larly when they're excited, and that is the  
condition they were in last night.

It was a hallo-loujaha wedding.

Hence the crowd that filled the church,  
which had been kindly loaned for the occa-  
sion.

The Salvationists and their friends had a  
busy time of it yesterday.

They had to look after their guests, Com-  
mandant Booth and Brigadier Holland; then  
there was a banquet and wedding feast com-  
mencing at 5.30 o'clock, and then the wedding.

There was a royal time at the banquet, after  
which the soldiers formed and paraded the  
streets headed by a Detroit band. A regular  
old fashioned open-air meeting was held at  
the post office corner, and then they headed  
for the church.

In the meantime the people had gathered  
and when at 5.30 the soldiers and bride party  
arrived at the church they could hardly force  
their way into the building.

Finally all were in and made comfortable,  
and Commandant Booth opened the meeting  
with a few brief remarks, in which he took  
occasion to express the hearty thanks of the  
church board for the kindly loan of the  
church for the service.

Then followed the usual devotional cere-  
monies, after which two colored ladies from  
Detroit sang a duet, and did it well too.

and the husbands were admonished to love  
their wives.

Then they were married. The  
flag bearer stepped up behind and held  
aloft the blue and blood-red colors of the  
Army, and the bride party stood up.

The bride was escorted by her sister, Miss  
Cornell; Captain Higgins, Keese, was best  
man; and to the King, of course.

Lieutenant Cornell, the bride, and her sister  
were in the regulation Army costume of navy  
blue, and each wore a crown of cream cashmere  
from their right shoulders.

Inscribed on the bride's sash in gold letters  
was the word, "Redemption."

The two sisters looked very attractive  
indeed in their neat attire.

The Commandant read the special rules of  
the Army in reference to marriage, and then  
performed the marriage service, by which  
Ensign David Crichton Moore and Lieuten-  
ant Annie May Cornell were made man and  
wife.

The service is similar to that of the Metho-  
dist Church, excepting that in addition to the  
usual vows, are vows of consecration to Salva-  
tion Army work.

Then at the wind-up it reads, "Whom God  
hath joined together let no man, law, or devil  
put asunder."

"Now give her a kiss," said the Command-  
ant.

The groom did so, the audience clapped  
their hands, and it was over.

The Commandant said a few words, and  
suggested that a song be sung to express the  
King's feelings, and exiting the action to  
the word pumped air into his little con-  
certina, and commenced singing:

"From my weary heart the burden's rolled away."

The audience caught the joke, and a re-  
citing chorus followed.

Coming to the bride, she sang a solo,  
and then the newly married man was com-  
manded to step forward and state his griev-  
ance.

He said he wondered that he had any nerve  
left to make a speech. One thing he was sure,  
and that was that he was glad to be there.

The bride made a few remarks, a swinging  
chorus was sung, and a short prayer and praise  
meeting was held as a wind-up.

Congratulations.

On his return from the West, the Com-  
mandant met the local officers of the Lon-  
don corps and had a conference with re-  
ference to the proposed building of a new  
barracks in that city. Look out for further  
information re this. He also visited several  
Army friends in London, and made an  
inspection of the House of Commons.

Coming to the command solicitation and  
generosity of some well-known friends of  
the Army, London is likely to have a Food  
and Shelter Depot and a Prison Gate  
Barracks, before many weeks are over its  
head. There is no limit to the good things  
God has in store for us. Let not our suc-  
cesses elevate us in our own estimation, but  
rather stimulate us to a more devoted  
consecration for the salvation of the lost.

The Commandant paid a visit to Detroit,  
in company with Adjutant McAbee; looked  
over the Grimsby Street barracks and a large  
Food and Shelter Depot. The latter is not  
an Army institution. He was much im-  
pressed with the Army's glorious chances  
under the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

Success to the Commandant and his noble  
warriors.

## Women's Shelter.

"THE SALVATION ARMY HOME FOR WORK-  
ING WOMEN."

Officers, soldiers and friends are cor-  
dially invited to come and see for them-  
selves this charming little haven of  
refuge.

The bill of fare speaks for itself:

The "Retreat,"

THE SALVATION ARMY

Working - Women's Home,  
NOW OPEN,

14 Albert Street, East side Temple.

GOOD FOOD and CLEAN, WARM BEDS

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

Soup	2 cents.
Soup and Bread	3 "
Irish Stew	5 "
Bread or Coffee, per cup	2 "
Tea and Butter	2 "
Warm Beds	7 "

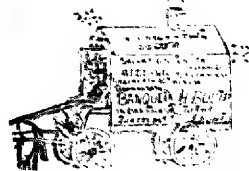
Broasting, Plain Sewing and Knitting  
done at Reasonable Prices.

## THE WEDDING IN CHATHAM

CONTINUED BY

### The Commandant.

For some days we have been on parade with  
what is called "Gideon's Ark," advertising a  
great wedding and banquet, on Tuesday, the  
20th; also the visit of our leaders, Command-  
ant Booth and Brigadier Holland, was well  
announced.



AN ORIGINAL SKETCH SENT WITH THIS  
REPORT.

The grand time has come and gone, but  
we thank God that, from beginning to end,  
it was

#### A Bouncing Success.

The banquet was excellent; provisions in  
abundance; everything came off without one  
hitch. The soldiers, with smiling faces and  
happy souls, worked hard, and did all in  
their power to make everyone feel at home  
and enjoy themselves. The barracks were  
nicely decorated for the occasion.

After the banquet the officers and soldiers  
marched to the Grand Opera House for the  
wedding. Here we had a very large crowd,  
with good music, furnished by the sisters.

Carrie Warner and Brother William Roy-  
son were the contracting parties, supported  
by Sergeant Alice Stearns and Lieutenant  
Dover, of the local corps.

#### The Bride

has been a faithful soldier in the Salvation  
Army for some eight or nine years, and she  
has been successful in winning souls for Jesus.  
The groom has only been connected a few  
months, but rejoices much in a free and full  
salvation.

The Commandant conducted the ceremony  
and gave some very straight pointers on mar-  
ried life. He said we could get people to our  
weddings who would not come to a funeral,  
therefore the children of the Lord had a good  
chance to deal faithfully with the people about  
their souls.

After the

#### Articles of Marriage

were read by Brigadier Holland, our comrades  
promised to abide by them, and to live accord-  
ing to God's holy ordinance.

The Commandant then, in the name of God  
and the Salvation Army, declared them to be  
man and wife, and prayed that their coming  
together would prove a blessing, not only to  
themselves, but to all around them.

After this the bride sang a solo suit-  
able to the occasion.

We finished with

#### A Wedding Feast

at the barracks, where three hundred people  
took part. We realized about one hundred  
dollars, which, after expenses were paid,  
went to wipe off corps debt. G. M.



50 AND OVER.

Sergt. McHargall, Gledrich 20

60 AND OVER.

Lieut. Tucker, Riverside 41

Mrs. Beck 40

Sergt. Turner, Chatham 40

Sister White, Fortage in Prairie 40

50 AND OVER.

Capt. Banks, Riverside 25

Lieut. Tooke 24

Sergt. Mrs. McKenney 21

Bro. Harris 21

50 AND OVER.

Lieut. Doran, Chatham 20

Lieut. Slater, Lippinott 20

Mrs. Capt. Wynn, Lippinott 20

Eda Slater, Lippinott 20

Sister Mackenzie, Lippinott 20

Sergt. Turner, Chatham 20

Sergt. Mrs. McKenney 20

Sister Gamble, Buxton 20

Bro. Mason, Wingham 20

Sister Metten, Wingham 20

The Easter Supplement would beautify  
the wall of a Palace.

# SONGS

## Sinners of Deepest Dye.

BY CAPTAIN CARBOTH.

TUNE—On our way rejoicing. "B.J." No. 2.

1 Come, sinners of the deepest dye, come all to Him just now,  
He wants to free your soul from sin, and give you peace and joy;  
He wants to take all from your heart, that would your soul destroy.  
And set you on your way rejoicing.

### CHORUS.

Come home, come home, your Saviour waits for you;  
Come home, come home, and see what He will do;  
He'll pardon all the sins of years, and make you good and true.  
And set you on your way rejoicing.

You know that you are doing wrong, and grieving your best friend;  
The God Who holds your life and time in the hollow of His hand;  
Now, sinner dear, give up yourself, get saved and take your stand.  
And go upon your happy way rejoicing.

Now, God has often spoke to you, and wished you to decide,  
The Holy Spirit came along, and with you He did strive;  
And now He strives with you again, come take Him as your guide,  
And go upon your happy way rejoicing.

Oh, very soon the time will come, these chances will be gone;  
Come for aye, to stay away, and never to return;  
And in your sins you will be left, and then you'll weep and mourn,  
Instead of going home rejoicing.

## ORDER EARLY! THE EASTER CRY.

### As I Look Back.

BY WILLIAM RITCHIE.

TUNE—On to conquer. G. Trump, tramp, tramp. (B. J., 781)

2 As I look back o'er the years,  
I have come through smiles and tears  
Since I first received the pardon of my sins;  
Since with wavering faith I came,  
Seeking life through Jesus' name,  
Now I praise the Lord for all that He has done:

### CHORUS.

We'll all about hallooah.  
There have been some hours of gloom,  
Mid night when it should be noon,  
For, like Peter, I had followed far behind;  
Many, many weary nights,  
Often and with weeping eyes  
I have had, when joy and gladness should have reigned.

But since then to trust I've learned,  
Into joy my gloom has turned,  
For I know that God is with me every hour:  
Hand in hand with Him I go,  
Victory in my soul I know,  
All my weakness has been conquered by His power.

## OH! Don't miss it! The Easter Supplement:

### Blessed Jesus.

BY W. B. KINGSTON.

TUNE—Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

3 All united we will sing  
Blessed be the name of Jesus,  
Praise to our Lord and King,  
Blessed be the name of Jesus.

### CHORUS.

O precious is His name  
Who for our sins was slain;  
Onward roll the glad refrain  
Blessed be the name of Jesus.

Joyful now to all mankind,  
Blessed be the name of Jesus;  
Life eternal all may find,  
Blessed be the name of Jesus.

Every sinner may be free,  
Blessed be the name of Jesus;  
The debt was paid on Calvary,  
Blessed be the name of Jesus.

## Arouse! Arouse!

TUNE—Let us stand our ground.

5 Arouse! arouse! the judgment is at hand,  
Why waste ye all your time in idle dawning?  
Before the Great White Throne you soon will stand  
To hear your sentence passed.

### CHORUS.

Remember, sinner here, how will you appear?  
If you meet God then with garments stained with sin,  
When the die is cast and His mercy past,  
How will you stand before Him?

Oh, haste! oh, haste! thy life is flying fast,  
And in death's chilly waves thy feet will falter;  
You'll need Him then to bear you that the sun,  
Or sink to rise no more.

Arouse! arouse! and Christ shall give thee light;  
Across thy path the rage from Calvary's streaming;  
In thy dark heart the gloom will be dispelled,  
If you for mercy call.

Come forth from sin at Jesus' loving call,  
He'll pardon sinners to thee the Great Deliverer;  
He'll break for thee the power of Satan's thrall,  
And bid you sin no more.

7.45 FRIDAY EVENING! What's that? Call at the Y. W. C. A., Elm Street, and SEE!

## On the Other Shore.

TUNE—Tell them all to meet there.

4 Some of us have loved ones  
Who have gone before,  
And we're going to meet them  
On the other shore.  
When our fighting's over,  
And the victory won,  
Then we'll see the Saviour,  
And we'll hear Him say well done.

### CHORUS.

Tell them all to meet there, tell them all to come.

God will be the parting  
When we meet our God,  
If we have not washed our robes  
In His atoning blood;  
Then we'll have to suffer  
Through the flames of fire,  
And there'll be no happiness,  
But we and misery.

Why not come to Jesus?  
Leave your sins forgiven;  
Then you'll meet your loved ones  
When you get to heaven.  
Jesus now is waiting,  
Knocking at the door,  
Why not bid Him enter  
Let Him knock there, never more.

YES! Mrs. Booth is expected to Sing at the Friday evening Meeting, Elm Street.

## Our Beautiful Home.

BY HERBERT H. BOOTH.

TUNE—In the sweet by-and-by.

6 There's a beautiful home up above,  
Far away over Jordan's dark flood;  
But its beauty you never shall know,  
Unless washed in the sin-cleansing blood.

### CHORUS.

We will fight, we will fight,  
To our Saviour we mean to be true.  
(Repeat.)

For our King we will faithfully fight,  
And His love to poor sinners proclaim;  
For His will is our greatest delight,  
We will glory in His name.

We have loved ones, now gone on before,  
There in heaven they sing round the Throne;  
We shall meet on the crimson dawn,  
When our work here below we have done.

## Contents of this Issue.

FRONTISPIECE.—COURTESY OF ASHERDEN AT THE PAVILION, TORONTO.

TORONTO PRESS OF MRS. BOOTH'S ADDRESS.

THREE WEEK'S CAMPAIGN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

SALVATION OF AN OPIUM SLAVE.

MRS. BRANWELL BOOTH'S HOLINESS CAMPAIGN.

THE OLD LOVE—(In three parts), by Mrs. Booth Tucker.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

HOLLAND'S LATEST CAPTURE, by Colonel Edwin Campbell.

COMMANDANT TUCKER.

WEDDINGS AT WINDSOR AND CHATHAM.

SONGS.

EDINBURGH.

THE BIRMINGHAM TOWN.

WINDSOR PROVINCE.

WINDSOR ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE. (Illustrated).

GIFT OF WORLD'S "CRY."

MYRALENE.

SONGS OF THE NATION.

REV., ETC.

## THE SUPPLEMENT.

The supreme attraction of the Easter Cry continues in the supplement.

The Commandant has chosen for this a picture by one of the greatest painters of the ages, on a subject which, to our mind, is the most divinely sublime and awfully sacred in the history of the human race.

The subject depicted in the agony of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Garden.

The ground here is almost too sacred for human tread, but the artist has presented nothing that obscures unpleasantly on the most refined and tenderly Christian sensibilities, while the design is so transparently simple that the tiniest child cannot gaze at the representation without having the sacred and the sublime within him stirred.

The actual copy, as published by us, I have not yet seen, but should the execution be faithful the result will be a work of sacred art worthy of gracing the home of the highest and most cultivated family in the Dominion, and at the same time eminently suited for the humblest charity. The public, without exception, positively ought to purchase a copy of the Easter War Cry for the sake of the exquisite supplement.

## THE EASTER SUPPLEMENT TO THE WAR CRY

### THE LUMBERMAN'S SHANTY.



## PROMOTIONS.

Captain Annie Stewart, of Montreal Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant Matthew J. McOutcheon, of Sherbrooke, to be Captain.

Cadet William Pollard, of Dovercourt, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Sarah J. Shannon, of London Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

## APPOINTMENTS.

Captain McOutcheon to take charge of Bedford, P.Q.

Lieutenant Pollard to take charge of Orangetown.

HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner.

Toronto Headquarters, Toronto, Ontario.

## THE EASTER WAR CRY

WE Contain a Remarkable Contribution

## BY THE COMMANDANT.



TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1914.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,

Thursday, March 1, 1914.

## THE SPECIAL.

This is the month for the production of our special Easter number, of the inspiring old WAR CRY. Our thousands of WAR CRY readers, scattered through the Dominion and the world, will be on the tip toe of expectation to get a first glimpse of their old friend in its new habiliments. Every reader may look out for a blessing. No labor is being spared to make the special issue a real, good, solid, Salvation bon-bon, which will team with downright out-and-out Salvationism; stir the conscience, and warm the heart of every lover of Jesus; awaken, convict, and lead to salvation the sinner, and at the same time, be interesting to every person who came a stranger for his Maker, and the creature He has made.

## EASTER NUMBER.

Particularizing—we ought to mention our Easter cover. The subjects represented are the five scenes previously quoted as fitting subjects for the Easter number, viz., Gethsemane, Calvary, Resurrection, Ascension, and Pentecost. Four subjects on each corner, and one in the center, with the words WAR CRY midway of the top and bottom halves of the page, in clear old letters, around which appear letters of twisted text, forming the words "Easter Number." A beautiful page is thus formed, in which our artist has put some of his very best work. The whole will be produced in a myrtle-green tint. The last side of the cover is devoted to a farcical exposure of the Army's Trade operations, by Staff-Captain Friedrich, our Trade Chief. A perusal of this after dinner will likely aid the process of digestion. For the list of contents, I must refer our readers to next week's CRY, premising them, at least, one prime article, by the Commandant, in his most striking style.

## EASTER YOUNG SOLDIER.

This worthy little weekly, we must not forget. We discovered a glorious picture, just after the Commandant's own heart, entitled, "True Till Death," which will make a most admirable frontispiece, that must stir the soul of every Junior; and actually while the huge proportions of the great ten-cent WAR CRY loomed and towered in the majesty of its demand on the Commandant, this bold little torpedo boat ran close in to shore, and secured from him a promise to write one of his thrilling articles in illustration of the picture.

SIR! It's a positive FACT! There is a Holiness Meeting at Y. W. C. A., Elm Street, on Friday evenings in March.

## Mamma, are you a Christian?

The wife of an influential lawyer in C— gave the following account of her conversion:— One evening her little daughter came to her and said, "Mamma, are you a Christian?" "No, Fanny, I am not," and so the little girl walked off her mother caught the words, "Well, if mamma isn't a Christian, I don't want to be one." These cutting words sank deep into the mother's heart, and she then there gave herself up to Christ. Unsaved mothers! Go and send do likewise and give your children a Christian example of a Christian life.

## Territory

BY

On the 19th of February

Married.

repeated that sacred

God had sealed the

upon you both, dear

your smiles; life's car

you cling the tighter

looked for happiness

and tears. Soon will

make the confidence

difficulties will come,

together than apart;

them not pick you

will closer to each other

Kingdom of God. As

in heaven, so permit

that better land.

At the mass meeting

Mrs. Booth.

her, and her address

gave one more opportu

all esteem with which

By-the-way, may I

the speedy removal of

so much at home. Our

delicate state, although

was it a misfortune

needed, Mrs. Booth sh

but, thank God for h

hind the scenes! Let

one in the Province

After long and faith

From the Office

to the Field.

Commandant that whe



## Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

On the 15th of February I tied the knot which is honorable "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," to bind the fortunes of Ensign and Mrs. Booth. I have officiated at larger weddings, but never more crowded; nor have I repeated that sacred service with a better consciousness that God had sealed the union. May the blessing of Jesus be upon you both, dear comrades! May life's joys intertwine your smiles; life's cares unite your efforts; life's fears make you cling the tighter to each other! Don't think your long-faded faces happy when you meet from this side of trial and tears. Success will still lay about you, but they will make the confidence you repose in each other the sweeter; difficulties will come, but you will encounter them better together than apart; evil influences will assail, but, oh, let them not pluck you asunder, but drive you for protection still closer to each other's hearts! Above all, seek first the Kingdom of God. As you believe your marriage was made in heaven, so permit nothing that would mar its fruits for that better land.

At the mass meeting for women only, in the Pavilion, presided over by Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. Booth was present, and was asked to speak. The Lord wonderfully helped her, and her address on the Army's work among the poor gave one more opportunity for the expression of that universal esteem with which our efforts are regarded. By the way, may I ask the progress of all my comrades for the speedy recovery of the cancer that have kept my dear wife so much at home. Our youngest little son is still in a most delicate state, although the horizon is far brighter than it was. It is a misfortune that just at a time when so much needed, Mrs. Booth should be unable to do more on the field; but, thank God for her splendid service in Toronto and behind the scenes! Let everyone keep believing for her assistance in the Province; she is so anxious to visit them.

After long and faithful service, through storm and sunshine, Ensign Booth has been promoted to the rank of Captain. For years he has been desirous of gaining some field experience, and a promise was given long ago by the Commandant that when a suitable moment occurred, and the

Ensign could be spared, he should have the desire of his heart. The coming of Brigadier Holland to the Commandant's side made it possible to release the Ensign for a time, and he has, accordingly, as a special gift to the Commandant's post, accompanying him, where he will take command of a District. God go with you, my trusted armor bearer, and give you victory all along the line.

No branch of the Army's work in the country promises a more brilliant future than the Rescue work. It is daily developing, as much so that it has become quite impossible for Mrs. Booth to give it the attention it deserves without further help. After much prayer and thought, that help has been decided upon. The mantle has fallen on Ensign Cowan, who henceforth will act as Secretary to Mrs. Booth for Rescue operations throughout the Dominion. The Ensign will, in addition, continue for the present to take the oversight of the Toronto House, which will be the Headquarters of the Rescue work.

Ensign Cowan has been an Officer ten years. She came from Toronto, and has filled the following appointments: *Cadet—Geoph; Lieutenant—Ridgeway, London; Captain—Simcoe, Hamilton, Toronto, Hamilton, Geoph, Thord; Rescue work—London Rescue House, St. John Rescue House, London Rescue House, Toronto Rescue House, Prescott, Kingston.* The fact that she is so trusted, and promoted in the best way of proving how much we shall and do pray for her.

It is fitting that this appointment should take place on the eve of the establishment of two more Homes of help, each named after her. Halifax House, Ensign Henry writes, will be added to mine; while Mrs. Read sends a glowing account of how a small Rescue work has been established in the capital city of Newfoundland. And there are more to follow, had we only the officers to work them.

And why should we be thus hindered in our progress for want of hearts and hands. Surely there are plenty up and down who would volunteer, could they but know the need, and see the vision. You may be unqualified for field work, my friend, but if you love mankind, here is a call for you. Come at once, and let your name to the Social Secretary and leave the responsibility of saying whether you are any use with us. But, oh, what will you say to God if you delay?

Despatches just to hand from England, tell of the General's decision to hold the Triennial Congress of the whole Army in London, during the month of July, in the present year. It is to be a stupendous affair. Most of the Territorial leaders will be present, and sections of officers are to be sent from all parts of the globe. Of course, Canada will put in her appearance, but how, is not yet decided. Keep believing, and get a move on, and there is a bare chance of your getting a share in the glory the other side of the fish pond.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Howell are rejoicing in the arrival of a little daughter. Father, mother, and babe, please accept our most hearty congratulations. Ensign McMillan succeeds Ensign Newton, as Secretary to Brigadier Holland and the Commandant. God give him speed and wisdom to get through his typewriter all he gets put into his head. Ensign McNamara has been suddenly called home to his father, who is dying. Pray for him. Ensign Williams is pushing ahead at Division. Major Holmes is preparing for a great "Coaling Campaign," in London, for a new barracks. See next Cry. Captain Carruthers has gone into Lippincott with a bang; while Captain Edgcomb holds his own at the Temple. Brigadier Jacobs, wife, and family, sail by the a.s. *Levenston*, from Liverpool, on March the 8th. They open the new Rescue Home on their arrival. Captain Stewart, of the Montreal Rescue Home, is promoted to the rank of Ensign. Lord, let it be a promotion Godward and heavenward! Ensign Blackburn and Lieutenant Pugh, are forwarding from Belleville, and taking charge of the new Salvation Harbor, at Halifax. (It is a tremendous undertaking, but we believe the Ensign will tackle it.) Captain Fitzpatrick is well in charge at the Victoria Rescue Home, while Captain Jordan leads that branch of the work in Winnipeg. Brigadier de Barriat has been having splendid times at his first Provincial visit. He proposes to take Central Ontario by violence, and the Commandant is believing for his success. Eighteen candidates were accepted for the field, and four for the Social Work, one night this week. Brother Reynolds was married to Sister Warner, at Chatham, by the Commandant, on the night of February 25th, 1891. May that be the birthday of a multitude of blessings, my dear comrades. Brigadier Holland is at the Commandant's side, working like a trojan.

## LOOK OUT!

THE COMMANDANT'S ARTICLE in the Easter Cry.

## How to Compose and Write Music.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN F. W. FRY.

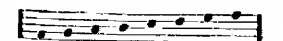
Should any of our soldiers or officers be inspired to compose a salvation song, who have no knowledge of the following suggestions may be a sufficient guide to enable them to commit their composition to writing in a form which is, at any rate, distinct enough for the Musical Department officer to decipher:—

1. Before attempting to commit your composition to paper, get it firmly fixed in your mind.
2. Having done this, make a drawing of a certain number of parallel lines. Five should be used, as in music.
3. On these lines, and in their spaces, place the notes. These might be represented by thick dots.
4. In determining the position of the notes, proceed as follows:

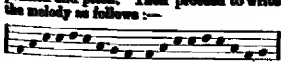
There will be a certain sound, called the key-note, which will be the foundation note of the melody, and on which it will, with very few exceptions, end. Fix the position of this note on the staff, and insert the others according to their distance from this note. As an illustration, we will take the chorus composed by the Commandant—

"All I have I am bringing to Thee."

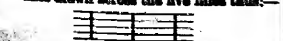
The melody of this tune embraces eight notes. It both starts and finishes on the key note, and goes as high as its octave or eighth note. It is well, therefore, to so arrange these notes, that they are all included in the five lines. The starting note should, therefore, be near the bottom, and they might be written thus—



Having written the above made of notes, you might also learn them over to gain some measure of acquaintance with their position and pitch. Then proceed to write the melody as follows:—



An improvement on this, however, could be made by marking the named notes. In music this is effected by dividing the space into equal portions, called bars. These portions are indicated by perpendicular lines drawn across the five lines thus—



The bracketed notes follow close after these perpendicular lines. Under this arrangement, the foregoing piece would be written thus:—



The time occupied by notes could be signified by the distance they are written from each other. As an illustration of this, we will take the first part of the Commandant's tune, "The Penitent's Plea."



Or, better still, the regular beats or pulses could be signified by small dashes, thus—



Should any of our comrades think of using these suggestions, and send us up any songs of their composition, I would add one or two words more:—

1. Write the words of the first verse and chorus under the notes, each syllable coming under its respective note.
2. As the above may lead to a number of songs being sent in that are either unusable or too much like another song, our contributors must not be discouraged if any of theirs should find their way into the W. P. B., but should there be one good song sent in as a result of this article, I shall think my effort not in vain.

FOR THE CABIN OF ★ THE EPISTLE THE NEWFOUND ★ SUPPLEMENT. LAND SCHOONER ★

## Wasted Punishment.

On learning that his son had been guilty of using some blasphemous expression, a pious Yankee proceeded to reprove him severely, and then started whipping and scolding him at the same time. As his temper rose to the occasion, the American swore several profane oaths himself while inconsistently punishing his son for the same offence.

However utterly ridiculous it may appear, this incident only serves to show the folly of precept without example in any and every matter. Or again, just as soon as the father was out of hearing.

## HELP THE SOCIAL WING.

"There are many and not weary in this plumed world of ours."

OLIN BARNARD.

The rapid development of the Salvation Army's Social operations for raising those who, through mistakes and sin, have sunk in the social scale, has opened up a sphere of usefulness to many who have hitherto been prohibited from taking as great a share as they desire in the holy warfare for Christ in which the Army is engaged.

The Commandant has in hand arrangements for the still further pushing ahead of the Social Wing, and men to help in the good cause are urgently needed. If you have a desire to show your supreme regard for God by your service to humanity, this is your opportunity. Write to the Commandant at Salvation Temple, Toronto, straight off.

The lack of gifts need no longer keep you out of harness. Apply for service in the Social Wing of the Army, and they will find you a place.

Halifax Shelter opens immediately. Men are wanted. The Women's Rescue Home, Halifax, will soon be in operation. Women are wanted. Apply without delay.

## CORRECT, CONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.

In a western city, the large clock on the high tower of the City Hall, registers what is called "electric time," and is so well known to be very accurate that citizens set their watches by the "correct city time." Great mills, manufacturing, and railway run by this time. Should it gain or lose an hour, the whole city would be thrown into confusion, and multitudes misled. So it is with life. The correct life of a consecrated Christian may be a bright example for many; while a wicked life of sin may lead many associates astray. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."—Gal. v. 9.

Paul said: "Follow thou me, even as I follow Christ."

Solomon said: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."—Prov. xiii. 20.

You should adorn the wall of your best room with the Pastor Supplement.

## THE LATEST.

St. John, Nfld.,  
February 26th.

Commandant Booth—  
Heavenly gales blowing—  
Great awakening—Liberty—  
Sunday, twenty-eight souls for salvation.  
W. J. Payne.

Major Endie, late of Canada, more recently F. O. in the Liverpool Province, appointed as Chief Secretary to Commander Hallington Booth, U. S. A.

Miss From Central Ontario Wins.

Testifying at Uxbridge, one of the soldiers declared that when seeking full salvation, he determined not to be satisfied with a new place on her own heart, but wanted a clean heart altogether. Her full salvation took her to the street corners and help her, at the age of ninety years, to preach salvation under the electric light. Reader, of what value is your salvation to the dying world?

Ensign Aikenshead is determined to do her utmost for the children. New Company classes are being formed; additional Sergeants appointed; prepared scriptural lessons being used, and we are expecting before long, to have a real model Junior corps in the Ambassadors City. Wanted—some holy ambition in this direction.

"I'll preach no full salvation," said one of our officers, "that will do away with the necessity of earnest, pleading prayer with God." Full salvation will lead you to spend more time with God, and such time will not give you less opportunity for dealing with sinners, but will consume your moments that have hitherto been spent uselessly.

Garrison Work, League of Mercy, Toronto district special meetings, between us cadets, keep Mrs. de Barriat and Mrs. Staff-Captain Jewer pretty busy. Thank God for a place where sanctified womanhood can find a sphere to work for Christ. Wanted—more workers.

"We want to see the plans," writes Captain The thought came, surprising God wanted to see our plans, and the Heavenly Architect wished to examine the specifications. Could we stand the scrutiny? "He understands our thoughts afar off." Oh, for thoughts that are brought into captivity to Christ, and for a planned out life which, arranged with a single eye to God's glory and the extension of His Kingdom.

## WESTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER MARSHALL.

## Victoria, B. C.

At present everybody is on the tip-top of expectancy. We are just on the eve of a three days' campaign, led by Brigadier Marshall. Our officers are, at the time of writing, attending the Executive Council, but before going they made some very striking announcements.

The corps is in good condition, and we are believing for greater victories than ever. Our back-brother has come back to Jones this week. During the absence of our officers the soldiers are holding on. Two brothers led the meeting on Monday night, and did splendidly, while on Wednesday two ladies will hold forth. We are expecting great things. Look out for report of special meetings.—ANNIE REILLY, Special Correspondent.

## Vancouver, B. C.

DEAR EDITOR.—With joy report a week of glorious victory, resulting in eight souls won for Jesus by the tender pleading of the Holy Spirit, and it is really beautiful to hear the dear young converts testify and pray. We do love them, and it makes us so happy to see them getting saved. Our meetings are full of deep conviction, and many go away severely wounded; our prayers go with them that they may be converted at some other place, and led to see that their only hope is Jesus. The dear comrades, God bless them, are quite enthusiastic over the late victories, and are determined to fight the devil to the death, and we are believing for great things in the near future. God grant it may be.—TWO WAS KNOWN.

## Neepawa.

Just returned from a meeting held at Winnipeg, one of our colporters, where we had a real blessed time. Two christians, at the meeting, expressed their desire to become Salvationists. One young man did not like the idea of being called a sinner while others were almost persuaded to kneel at the drum. As a sinner had just swept over the country, it was thought I would never arrive at my destination; after a little engineering the Lord brought me through, bless His name. Returning, told Wm. CARR at Arden. Our Junior soldier meetings are wonderfully blessed of the Lord. Lieutenant FRED MARSHALL for Captain JOE ELLIOTT.

## Calgary.

Another week has gone into eternity, but we can thank God for victory in our own souls. We have just had a visit from Brigadier Marshall, which was much appreciated by all, as we do not have many special up here, being 200 miles from any corps, and 300 miles from Divisional Headquarters. We closed the day with an extra service. The following Wednesday we had a meeting led by the band boys, which went with a swing. God bless them!—CAPTAIN MARSHALL COWAN.

## Portage la Prairie.

We are having some real definite, heart-searching things here. God has blessed our worshipfulness, and no less than thirty-three were out seeking the blessing of a clean heart and two for pardon, making thirty-five for two weeks. The devil is mad, but we can't help it. We are determined, with Jesus as our leader, to have the victory. Sunday's meetings were grand, and inspiring times; good marches; barbed full of soldiers on fire, many sinners badly wounded, but none would yield. Our motto is, "We never will give in." Yours in for victory.—BURGESS W. F. GIBSON, Special Correspondent.

## Rapid City.

We had a visit from Adjutant Magee, accompanied by Sergeant Hart, from Brandon, on Monday and Tuesday, February 26th and 27th. Monday night we had a fair crowd. Our Methodist friends lent us their church, for which we were very thankful. The soldiers mustered up in good spirits, and went in with all their might for such. After a good lively testimony meeting the Adjutant read the lesson, after which, every soldier went on their knees, and took hold of God, and He honored our faith in giving us FIVE SOULS. We are believing for more to follow.—CAPTAIN JAS. CHAMBERLAIN.

## Moosejaw.

We had a beautiful time in the cottage meeting; there were only ten of us. We purpose continuing these meetings. Three sinners were there, and God's Spirit has taken hold of them. We mean to help them into the Kingdom. Converts are doing well; one since coming to meeting, brings the baby, and ten her to a chair on the platform. "Where

there's a will there's a way."—CAPTAIN A. GOODWIN.

## Winnipeg.

Quite recently we had an enactment of crucifixion, when seven men and women, and children, were crucified on the cross. Last week six were captured from the enemy's ranks; two of whom the previous night had been escaped being drowned. Another gang man—some few days ago—walked twenty-three miles to get to the meeting that evening to get saved.

On Sunday afternoon, a brother, who through drink had left home and family, came back to God, got saved, and promised to return to them. We are moving up. Knowledge and marches larger. Platform full of bright faces; good crowds.—CAPTAIN L. LEWIS.

## Western Wanderings.

I have just returned from visiting every corps in the District; and with a heart full of gratitude to God, I am anxious to give my comrades the benefit of my trip. Sergeant Earle, of Brandon, volunteered with his team and came to accompany me. The snow was very deep, and the roads hard, but here—some being an old war charger, and the other a brand-new—brought us through well.

We reached RAINY CITY, and found Captain CROWLEY in good spirits, and believing for souls.

A good supper, and proper march, gave us courage to face into the enemy's camp. The comrades prayed; Brother Earle sang. Lieutenant Scott talked, sinners were pricked to the heart. One fine young man tried to laugh, and found it almost impossible to keep back the tears that would come, as he muttered, "I don't believe in it."

The following day was spent in visiting soldiers and friends of the town; every body was called to pray for souls in the night meeting. Our faith ran high, and we were not disappointed. The Methodist people very kindly loaned us the church. The crowd was large, the collection good; the prayer meeting a success. First, a sister came; then a brother, another sister, then another brother, and yet another sister. The comrades took hold in old-time style, and soon the five souls saved were rejoicing in Jesus.

NEPESWA comes next, forty-four miles. That is easy when done for Jesus. Captain CROWLEY accompanied us. Brother and Sister Knowlsey, of Minneapolis, kindly supplied our needs on the way. Brother Dobson gave us the use of his stable. The officers at Nepeawa were in station. Sinners came for pardon and holiness during past week, at Weyburn and Nepeawa. Five a week.

Our first meeting was rather uphill work. The following day was spent in visiting soldiers. One sister professed to get saved.

The meeting at night was straight, cutting, and positive. A large number of sinners were present. Nine or ten proper blood-and-fire recruits were secured. A good collection was given. A patient charge was made into the enemy's ranks, and one soul captured. Some very kind friends gave us a beautiful supper, and the comrades took hold like a log of fire, which we praise God, and thank them very much.

Did you ever see a blizzard? You should have been with us on Friday, February 26th. Friends and comrades advised us not to return, and we were refusing ever since, only saved upon the principle of those who say, "Nothing ventured, nothing won." The storm was terrific. The horses plunged, and struggled, and at last got off the trail. When at last we got back into the road, we found we were facing the direction we wanted. Our hearts were uplifted to God. He heard our cry; He came and helped us. A fall in the tempest allowed us to see another trail running west. Although we understood that this was not leading to Carbury, but in the opposite direction, we felt impressed that we should follow it. The storm was awful; we were feeling very cold. Victims of a night on the open prairie rose up before us. We press forward. After travelling for a mile, we saw over the tops of hills, a house. We had to be sure, or we were the next thought. A shiver at the door looked like hope. Yes, we could get our horses in the shed.

A drive of sixteen miles brought us at last to Carbury. Captain Smith and Lieutenant Gilman were relieving over there, and saved. We attended two public meetings, a cottage meeting, and Junior Soldiers' meeting during the evening.

The trip from Carbury to Brandon was a novel adventure all through. The first on the road, twelve miles away, didn't lead to be overcome. After a drive of sixteen miles, we reached there from one more, but as we did so, our comrades kicked most lively, broke the front board of the outfit, knocked the seat off, broke the tongue, and tried to run away. We got to a stop, got straightened up once more, and arrived at Brandon at nine p.m., to find that a large building had been burned down by our barracks.

The spiritual tone of the work all around is decidedly on the upgrade. God is going to give us a general approval. The manifestations of God's power and presence have been wonderful lately, and we are praying for power to overthrow the devil.

Yours at Jesus feet,

T. A. MASON.

## West Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

## Sarnia.

Praise God. Since last report, God has been saving precious souls. Five have sought and found Christ as their personal Saviour. Professor Cook, of London, paid us a visit on February 17th. Good crowd; views splendid.—CAPTAIN McKEWEN.

## Tilburg.

At TILBURG, I found the Captain under the weather. However, we consoled ourselves with the fact that all things work together for good. A good meeting at night; deep conviction; one went home, but would not surrender. Lieutenant Taylor has arrived. Now, Lieutenant, go in for God. Five recruits to be enrolled.

Peter BOWMAN met on the list. We started for this place, but had not gone far before we had a shaft break, and had to turn back. Captain Davidson is going on furlough, and Lieutenant Chas. Bunt is supplying.

Four DOWN is run from Sarnia now. On and on we go last Sunday.

BRANDON.—Eight souls last week.

BRANDON is in the midst of a Salvation Army revival. Fifteen or twenty to be enrolled soon.

BRANDON has been added to this district lately; had a good meeting there last night; enrolled twelve recruits, and saw seven people saved and ask God's forgiveness. Yours to help all round.—A. CAMP, Editor.

## Stratford.

I arrived here with the Flying Squadron last Thursday to find Captain Ed. Lee and his brave blood and fire soldiers full of faith and expectations for the future. We have not been disappointed. God has mightily come to our assistance, and matched our souls from the grasp of the devil. The soldiers are people that understand their business. Twenty-nine out of forty on the roll marched out Sunday night. Some extraordinary meetings are coming on. What shall the harvest be?—T. J. HAYMOND, the Icelandic Lieutenant.

## Chesley.

We have just been reinforced by Lieutenant Smith. He has come to a good field to find hard work, and we welcome him to our midst. Believing he will do his utmost to defeat the devil, and we are sure for God. Yesterday was good; our comrades were here; the soldiers have yet had; but none yielded to the claims of God. Yours, saved to be a sinner.—CAPTAIN T. H. McLENN.

## Chatham.

We had a Junior's jubilee Wednesday night, and it was a proper time. The children marched with their flag and drums, and sang and spoke of Jesus and His love, and at the close of the meeting the young men got saved. Sergeant Major Craft and Sergeant Thomas have this branch of our work well in hand, and altogether we are going in for a harvest on these lines.

Thursday night we had a grand musical feast, conducted by the band. Sunday we had again a reviewing time. The devil had been trying to upset some of the comrades, but got left, for God upset his plans and two sinners got saved.

Lieutenant Howcroft, of Blenheim, farewelled Sunday. One soul saved.

NOTES.

Captain Andrews, of Tilbury Centre, reports one soul.

We have had a grand time the past week in Chatham. Saturday night a young man volunteered out for salvation. Barbed fell to the dear Sunday night, and four souls volunteered for salvation.—GROVER MILLER, Editor.

## Windsor.

We are glad to tell you that we have had much, and one or two extraordinary meetings. For instance, one lasted eight and a half hours, continuously, and resulted in the salvation of three souls. At another, seven small sermons were preached on different days, and the meetings lasting from 2 p.m. to 9:30 p.m., including on home's testimony. Things are moving in the right direction.—LIEUTENANT TUCKER for Editor Moore.

## Millbrook.

After an absence of some months from the front of the light I received orders for this corps. It seems good to be back again, and we are working hard and doing our best to extend the Kingdom. This week has been one of victory. War Cry all said on Saturday; not enough to satisfy all who wanted them. A good day Sunday. Two souls sought and found Jesus.—LILLIAN M. LINDEN, Captain.

## Petrolia.

Arrived when the meeting was two-thirds over; soldiers rather down; expected our officers not here; feel like sheep without a shepherd; Lieutenant Orchard much in the same mind, thinking there would be no officers till after Sunday, and he must take charge. Enter new officer. Brother found an old comrade, inconspicuous new comers, and says, "Fire a volley for Ensign C." Lieutenant seemed to get on inspiration, and about as of old; everybody seemed as they had forgotten all their disappointments, and went in to enjoy the rest of the meeting.

Had a good time on Saturday night and all day Sunday.

Have had to lay a dear comrade in the cemetery, who has fought the fight and triumphed in death.

Sinners coming here air have sought the living, and our salvation.—R. CLARK, Ensign.

## Paris.

Sunday we were at it with all our might. Sunday afternoon thirty-one blood and sin soldiers marched the streets; we had a glorious meeting inside. At night twenty-eight soldiers were found on the march and some thirty-two on the platform, which shows we are making some progress. The meeting was a powerful one; God's Spirit worked in many souls; but not to-night was the cry.

On Thursday along came, not a recruit, but a blood and fire Gale, from Woodstock, and stirred things up at a great rate, winding up at the barracks, where we had a real old-time meeting. After a host of testimonies were given, all officers were commissioned. We are in for victory.—W. McLAUCHLIN, Special Correspondent.

## Woodstock.

We have had "better things than ever." Courts this week-end have been the largest since we took hold. At a recent soldiers' meeting, fifty-two soldiers were present.

Death has also visited us, and taken from our midst a comrade, who was loved by all who knew her—Sister Perry. The service at the home was very impressive. Ensign was away at STRATFORD, and in his absence, the Lieutenant took his place. At the cemetery, there were over 100 persons present. As we sang,

"Shall we gather at the river?"

each one felt that they could look forward to the time with a "sure and certain hope," when they would meet the one who, as our funeral service puts it, "had been preserved from her place in the Woodstock Corps, to the mansion prepared for her above."

This week-end we have had Captain Orchard with us. We have had splendid times. On Sunday night, at the close, we rejoiced over a sister seeking and finding the Saviour.—HEN BAYAN, for Ensign J. E. GALE.

## Coderich.

We have just received word that Harvey Blicher, an old comrade to the City, has gone home to heaven. He passed away peacefully about twelve o'clock to-day. News about him later on.—CAPTAIN and Mrs. STUBBS.

## Parkhill.

Our hearts are glad this morning at being able to report victory. Last night (Sunday, February 19th), five souls were saved, and secured the power of God to save. Now the break has come, and we are believing that others who are under conviction, will also come out on the side of God and right.—ABERN O'BRIEN, Treasurer.

## Galt.

Tuesday, we had a special meeting, to welcome our new Lieutenant, all the way from Newfoundland.

Wednesday evening, while the band boys were practicing, the comrades held a grand cottage meeting, and one poor sinner fell into the fountain.

Sunday, eleven a.m., one out for the blessing of a clean heart.—J. B. HEAL, Special Correspondent.

## TIPS.

Lieutenant May's victory for King James one soul at the Cross.

Staff-Captain Reed reports thirteen conversions on Sunday; a missionary wedding; lots of ice and snow, but best of all, fifty-seven souls.

BRAND, N.F.—Visit from Staff-Captain and Mrs. Reed. Nine souls in the fountain.

Splendid banquet and enjoyment of recruits at Bradford.

FORBES, N.F.—Ten seek the blessing of a clean heart. Two backsliders come home.

PORT ARTHUR.—Sunday, had our first march; representatives from the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches. One

## Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE HARNETT.

## THE "TOM AND FRED'S" OF BRIGADIER BARRITT AND STAFF-GAP "MOVE ON."

We are now satisfactorily settled in Lippincott, and the bugle call at prayer, the click of the typewriter, the ringing of the telephone, and the visiting officers, all testify that we have got a move on.

By the kindness of the Communists I found a stool, and the Social, a rug, our leaders have been able to sit and where stools have failed, we have back on George Stevenson's prodigious iron horse. Already, Oakville, Markham, Steelesville, and (happy and busy) have been won for God. A thousand jobs!

That trip to Markham was a treat for the boy that had been facing a Canadian winter on his own, but worse still for our leader, who has been accustomed to tropical heat, not surprised that hands, toes, nose were all frozen in turn. "Two day, and no mistake."

"The Corps of the Grand Old Right off. No wonder! The of eighty-five died with the veterans of sixty-one in praising God for saved, and better still, helping to

Mr. Menz, who billeted the New Staff-Captain Jowar at Uxbridge.



walking salvation encyclopedia, of salvation fact, and has a real, full salvation experience.

Souls saved; good crowds; sold go and fight, and Ensign and men of faith and good spirit, was the man from Uxbridge, and may it be quite refreshing, and cordial, to hear that a friend, who attended the Friday afternoon's in the Temple, had been praying for him. Yes, the want of to-day is will pray! pray! pray!

A feature of the visit of Brigadier and his faithful right hand help soldiers' meetings held at the evening meeting. Full salvation, a children, and the ward system, the themes brought before us, a prayer was made that for a real revival.

Captain Smith and Lieutenant Collingwood returned, are straight from Steelesville. A soldier-brother that place, thinking the Brigadier to hear the good news of a real gain. Captain Smith, we are praying for you will have a real time of victory with you!

"Another Anniversary at brought the remark from our Brig some folks were not satisfied with victory a year. What a meeting! In more! Life, freedom, liberty, a big lot made, was even of the fact gathering there resulted in the of two previous souls. Praise God!

How that new chorus went, to know are the words. How do you for the want, attend the Eastern meetings?

"Tom sing the glad chorus, His banner His army is broken, His banner From heaven descended, His banner To save a poor sinner like me."

A proper New Year's dinner was held at the singing of this song right



## Central Ontario Province.

REDACTED DE BARNETT.

## THE "TWO AND TWO'S" OF BRIGADIER DE BARNETT AND STAFF-CAPTAIN "MOVE ON."

We are now satisfactorily settled down at Lippincott, and the bugle call at twelve for prayer, the click of the typewriters, the ringing of the telephone, and the tramp of visiting officers, all testify that at last we have got a move on.

By the kindness of the Commandant, who loaned us a stool, and the Staff, who lent us a typewriter, we have been able to get about as much work done here as we have been able to do on George Stevenson's production, and used the iron horse. Already, Hamilton, Oakville, Markham, Brantford, and Uxbridge have been visited, and (happy sagacity) such have been won for God. A thousand halloos!

That trip to Markham was a fiasco! But enough for the boy that had been used to facing a Canadian winter on her machine, but was still for her leader, who has been accustomed to tropical heat. We are not surprised that hands, toes, fingers, and nose were all frozen in turn. 'Twas a bitter day, and no mistake.

"The Corps of the Grand Old Saints," is the title our Brigadier gave to Uxbridge corps right off. No wonder! The old man of eighty-five with the veteran women mist of sixty-one in prayer (God for the male sex), and better still, helping to save them.

Mr. Moore, who billeted the Brigadier and Staff-Captain Jew at Uxbridge, is quite a

not a terrible girl, from Woodstock, great rate, winning had a real old of testimony recommended. We LATCHMAN, Special

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Solventist declared that he had never been in such a meeting. Can't you get up another anniversary, Captain Bessie?

Report both it, that our Brigadier took the corps for forty-five minutes at one of these meetings, and that his Secretary did nearly as well; and yet at the end of that, not a soul left the meeting, but stayed right on, and four-fifths of the congregation stayed the proper meeting nearly on.

Ensign Altonwood reports victory from Hamilton. He was coming to God. She extends an invitation, that the Brigadier and his Secretary will be glad to accept. Look out for Easter, Hamilton I. and II. Ensign Arbet has been very useful, but is a little better. You might put him on your praying list for a week. Captain Bessie is just smiling in the evening and is helping her sister. "Give us something new in street warfare," said the Ensign at Linger Street, and they got it, too. A steamer came forward there also.

Lieutenant Steward has left Orangeville, and comes to the Temple. Look out for a stir up. The Temple is doing nicely, and have had some real good cases of conversion. Look out for another conversion. Ensign Dowell has a warm place in the Provincial's heart. He loves the children, and wishes that he is going to do something for them. Will any officer who wishes to do something for the children, drop a line to the Brigadier, who will write full instructions how to carry on a real salvation children's work? Go for the children!

Resumption is doing a fine in the Carr. An officer writes: "I must either get a move on, or drop the Carr." He has got a move on, and dropped the Carr in the Carr, and got the money for them. Who will be the next to drop in this fashion?

Well done, Orillia! We do like smart folks. The corps were to arrange now for the summer's camp meetings. First come, first served. The Brigadier and Staff-Captain will go. Who's the next?

We have a Provincial turn-out; that is, the whip is on; the harness will be when sold for; the horse is best to use and the tie we have borrowed! What good friend will come to the rescue, and donate a good sound animal? "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth" is the old proverb, still we should like a friend, good gentleman, presented to reach his destination, and to give him time for the same. Address, Lippincott, and Uxbridge, Ontario.

Joshua x. 9. "Surely the land wherein thy feet have trodden, shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord."

Ensign reports that they had the joy while visiting the home of an old man, who said that he had passed eighty-four years of his pilgrimage. God broke his hard heart, and he was like a little child.

Ensign Agre's post-card was written in a hurry; he was just off a trip, but had time to report three souls the night previous, and reported the Provincial Secretary and all the other little secretaries to fire a volley. He reports more in pich.

## Around Bracebridge District.

Since last report I have visited HURVILLE; had a proper time, with three souls in the furnace.

One sister wished to see the new J. U., as she heard he was a Newfoundlander. She also wanted to see a strange idea about Newfoundland, and the people there; but he is known to all readers of the Carr that a Newfoundlander man or woman is the same as a Canadian.

Captain Stagers and Lieutenant Mitchell are doing good work at Hurville. Go on.

I have also been able to visit PATER ROCK, a distance of fifty-four miles. Had a proper time; found a lot of good people there.

Captain and Mrs. Martin are in Kingston, and are in for victory.—Ensign Down.

## Yorkville.

When God is with us it does not matter who is against us. Nothing is impossible. "I can do all things through Christ Jesus" is the motto over my desk, and in my own God is victorious. God has helped us wonderfully since we

came here; He has given us five souls in three weeks. We have been able to increase our War Cry; good crowds every night; seasons increasing; but we are not satisfied; we must fight harder yet; the devil is kicking, but the harder he kicks the harder we must fight. Now, Yorkville comrades, rally round the old flag, and shout at the top of our voice so that the devil can hear you. Victory through the blood of Jesus Christ.—Captain and Mrs. GANNETT.

## Welland.

Last Thursday night Sergeant Bennett had a very comfortable home; Friday morning it was a heap of blackened ruins.

A gentleman in the meeting last night told me he did not believe in heaven or hell, yet he chose to be a Christian.

The people seem to listen attentively, but they hardly hear their hearts.—Captain S. TENNEY.

## Orillia.

"No retreating" is our motto. We welcomed to our ranks last Wednesday night our new district leaders, Ensigns and Mrs. Turner, when they oversaw sixteen local officers. We are not dead in Orillia, but are trying, in the strength of God, to pull down the devil's kingdom. Sunday was a good day; so much, and we believe the seed was sown in good ground.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

## Toronto III.

Three precious souls in the fountain at Toronto III. (Linger Street). Soldiers all on fire for the salvation of dying men and women. As many souls as all round, good searches; brass band to lead. There is no time to lose; so many souls are going the downward road; the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. God wants you, dear reader, wherever you may be, to answer to the call. Yours in the war.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

## Whitby.

Captain Johnson and wife have forwarded, and Captain Watson and Lieutenant Farnsworth have taken charge. WAR CRY all sold out. Visitation coming up; also a blessed soldiers' meeting. A backslider came forward and claimed deliverance. Monday, District Officer Hay and his Lieutenant present. A very merry night, but we had a good meeting and another backslider saved. Lord keep him faithful.—FRED R. BROWN.

## Midland.

Glory to God! Still we march on to victory. This week three backsliders and seven sinners. The ice is now thoroughly broken, and we trust for a continuation of the warm heavenly glow to keep it broken. If such is only the case (and why not?) you shall hear of many souls being saved in Midland.—Captain F. McKENZIE.

## Gravenhurst.

THE CHAPTER OF THE AGES OF THE MODERN APOSTLES IN THE ARMY OF SALVATION.

It was in the commencement of the battles that the Army of the Lord was engaged in this our loved Dominion. Among the captains of the Army we found one whose name was James. On meeting with a young man leaving his occupation to follow Jesus, asked him, "Can the Lord prepare for you a table in the wilderness?" Many times since that young disciple has been in the wilderness preaching Jesus and Him crucified. Many have believed and have been baptized with the Holy Ghost.



The first week of the second month, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-one, was filled with deeds of love and prayer. On the fourth day the people were seen visiting their way to the house of God, where the people could be heard praising God in song and entreating men to be saved. Monday, this young disciple was seen going from home to home and breaking the bread of life. Tuesday, his wife accompanied him in this visitation. Friday, the preacher was seen going from door to door with a roll under his arm, spreading salvation and carrying the good news to all, through a terrible wilderness.

He has just paid a visit to the second brigade of this Circle (Spencer Lake), and

finds nearly the whole neighborhood have given up their idolatry and are rejoicing in the true God.

This fine epistle is written from Gravenhurst, where the name is Andrews, captain of the King's hosts.

## TRUST AND MISTRUST.

I stood up to give the message which God should give me. As a flock came the words, "My faithfulness as a guide." And lifting up my heart to Him, I began to speak of His loving faithfulness to me, and of the blessed assurance of the fact to my own soul.

Then came a rush of thought. Turning to the Captain, I asked, "Might I say what you promised to mind?" And he answered very solemnly, "Sister, say all that God puts into your soul to say!" and a great hush came over the meeting.

Again lifting up my heart to God, I went on.

"Many years ago, some friends were gathered. One had travelled very far, and he spoke of one journey which, he said, he should never, never forget. It was right across the continent of North America, from New York to the shores of the Pacific. Long and long before the mad rush for the California gold, took thousands across to die.

"He told us that he was fairly puzzled—but a kind friend said to him, you can go across the States, and through that pass in the Rocky Mountains. But the way is long, only to a few, and you must have a guide. You will have to come to his terms, and above all, to trust him on the journey.

"So, my friend told us, he engaged the guide and started. On and on, day after day, a long and every journey, but lightened by this man's constant care and skill. It seemed as if he knew every step of the way.

"And now, my friend went on, I came to a part of which I am thoroughly ashamed. When we were about half-way a thought came into my mind, and followed me constantly, I supposed I had made a mistake, and my guide should be leading me to destruction. In vain I reasoned against it. The thought made me thoroughly unhappy.

"One morning, as we rode along, my mind filled with these unwelcome thoughts, I closed my eyes to look up. The eyes of my guide were fixed upon me, and the grief, pitiful look out me to the heart. In an instant I thought of his well-known character, of his unending kindness; and, as I again looked up, he said cheerily, and, oh, so lovingly, 'Trust me. That was all. But I saw that he had read my thoughts.

"There and then I knew that I was wrong. That, having accepted this man as my guide, I had no right to doubt him. And by a great effort, I threw the suspicious thoughts away. Then stretching out my hand, it was taken heartily, and confidence was restored between us.

"At length the white tips of the Rocky mountains glittered in the distance. On and on we went till one day it seemed as if our way was barred by the immovable mountains.

But suddenly my guide sprang from his saddle and came to my side. Then gathering my bridle in his hand, he prepared to lead me forward. And as I looked, I saw that it was by no means a careless touch, but by a firm and skillful grip. That the hand which held me was trained to lead, trained to guide. Swiftly and safely he led me down a rocky path, into a narrow passage, out on the other side. And before we were the waters of the mighty Pacific ocean. Our journey was at an end.

My guide had brought me safely through.

"And now, my comrades," I said, "it seems to me to-night as if this is just a word to us. By the wonderful mercy of God, we who are saved have taken Jesus for our guide. Are we trusting Him? Or are we not and again saying, suppose, suppose? If so, we are giving place to the enemy of our souls.

"And when the white tips of the Everlasting Hills are opened to our view, and our feet are drawn near to the cold waters of the Jordan, and all of earth is over the head that will be outstretched will be the pinched head, the head that was nailed to the cross for us! Oh, may we be enabled still to trust, to be faithful to the very end!"

And I sat down, and the Lord had given me a great blessing in my own soul.

## THE PLEBISCITE.

The official returns of the Plebiscite are now in, showing the total vote to have been 303,344, 192,487 of which were in favor of prohibition, and 110,757 against; a majority in favor of prohibition of 81,730. The counties gave a majority of 70,163; the cities, 5,206; the districts, 2,143; separated towns, 7,12. Essex, Prescott, and Russell, and Waterloo, were the only counties giving a majority against. Windsor the only city, and Prescott the only town. Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry, gave 2,784 majority for prohibition. In the Province, 12,424 women voted for prohibition, and 2,221 against.—The Herald, Morristown.



## A TERRIFIC STORM.

Being a Cry to Shipwrecked Human Souls on Sea, to Enter Heaven's Life-boat, Take Salvation's Life-line, and Escape the Temptation of an Eternal Hell.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN J. READ, NEWFOUNDELAND.

I am sitting in the Little Army quarters at Scilly Cove, on the southern shore of Trinity Bay. As I write, a fearful south-easterly snow and hail storm rages outside, piling up the snow in huge drifts. Awful sounds the roaring tempest! Ever and anon the storm's wilder shrieks the wind!

While musing, the fire burns in my soul. My mind wanders on to the terrific and dreadful storm of God's indignation and wrath which He will pour out upon the wicked men as on that Last Judgment Day, when His mercy will change to justice.

In imagination, the Great White Throne rises before my vision. The Holy Spirit prompts my pen, and this printed warning is sent forth to condemn our readers. May the eternal God bless His message to the salvation of many.

In my reverie, I saw the Judge, from Whose face the heaven and the earth fled away. Dragged to His bar is a wretch with blanched, horror-stricken face. While on earth, he has had his fill of pleasure, wine, merriment, race, balls, billiards, etc., he has revelled in. Eternal things had no place in his mind. He had blasphemed God's name, mocked His followers, cursed His name, mapped His finger in God's face, died crying, "I am lost!" and here he is before the Judgment Seat. God's eye pierces him through and through. Guilty wretch! He cannot raise his head. Condemned he stands. "Depart ye cursed!" is his sentence, and into the burning lake he is hurled to spend an eternity with damned souls. He cursed the devil well. Now he must live with that vile monster for ever and ever, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Ah, that awful Judgment More! The earth reels and rocks; the heavens depart as a scroll; the world is on fire; the sea gives up her dead; the graves open; sinners call for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them; the storm of God's indignation has come, and who is able to stand? Still the Judgment scene continues.

Another ghastly wretch is dragged up to the Throne of Justice. He has ruined his soul and body with that cursed drink. While on earth he ruined his home, blasted his children, broke his wife's heart, lived out only half his days, died a beastly drunkard, and received a painful burial; now he is hurled into the lowest pit of hell, where no drink can be procured, and where, in agony of soul and body, he will cry for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. Poor, poor drunkard!

A poor harlot is next led to the Bar of Justice. All tattered, accursed and torn; with a shameful visage, a debauched countenance and a ruined constitution, she stands. Near her, awaiting their turn, stand her cursed murderers. Once pure, gentle and innocent, she was corrupted by some foul monster. Driven to despair by hunger and shame, she had cast herself from some high parapet. Into eternity she has jumped, and now she stands before God, with all the other whores, she is cast into the lake of fire; into that abyss of woe she departs; the pangs of remorse seize her; her pains bite and sting on an adder; those who caused her ruin tremble and quake as their turn draws near.

The next to be called to that dread Bar, is a murderer; a man caught in the very act of taking the life of his brother. Red-headed, and foul-hearted he appears. Earthly judges have tried and condemned him. He has stood 'neath the gallows, and the rope has been pulled, and his life taken for his cursed act. No wonder such an one shudders in the presence of Almighty God. His victim's blood cries out from the ground. His head hangs. He falls before the feet of Divine Justice. Fall will he realize his doom. "Die!" is the dread command, and into hell he is dropped, where there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Then these prisoners, these victims, are dragged one by one to receive their doom. Pierce the storm of God's wrath rages. Loud peals the thunder of His justice. Brighter flames His fiery sword, and the great, awful, fearful Annihilation. Justice is meted out in every case. According to their works are these richly judged. Good are separated from the bad. The cry of the lost, their groans of despair, mingle with the hallooings of those who have come up out of great tribulation. Oh, what an awful scene! Oh, the terror of the Judgment Day! Silence, it is coming. Hark! hark! you will be a shudder. Hark! hark! the fire of passion will burn and burn in hell. Drunkard, there is no whiskey beyond the grave. Scoffer, beware, for your scoffing will be silenced on that great day. Drunkard-maker, be careful, or you will live for ever in hell, with your poor victims. According to their work will men be judged on the Eternal Morning. God's line of separation will be laid down. There will be no

partiality with God. Oh, then, "wake up!" the storm is brewing; the fire of wrath is ready to be lighted. Oh, for that awful day when! Before this terrible storm comes, fly to Jesus. Still He loves. Still He pleads. None need perish. All may live. Oh, hark! hark! to His name! Beware, for—

"Just as the tree cut down that fell,  
To north or southward there it lies;  
So man departs to heaven or hell,  
Fixed in the state wherein he dies."

## PAPA DOES IT.

How true it is that "no man liveth unto himself." Detection, in the shape of tiny eyes set on your track, paying out your sins a score.

All your open condemnation goes for nothing, even in the judgment of very small children, if you indulge in what is not right.

What an over-throwing argument to the children in the words, "Papa does it!" and if, on the one hand, rather may teach honor for papa, and on the other hand, chide for some offence, what an clipping authority for so doing. "Papa does it," whether it be smoking, drinking, or any other thing.

Now, what shall be the career of a mother on the two horns of such a dilemma? Either she must condemn the act, and papa, too, bringing proof that it is wrong, or allow wrong to go on uncorrected till evil habits are formed. Are you in the habit of swearing, or using slang words? Are you cynical? Watch your miniature on the floor at play, and hear how carefully you are copied. Oh, you to whom children look up as examples, how great is your responsibility!

A TONGUE MOVING.

good thing; yes, I have had an abundance of success.

10. As the praise is round about Winnipeg, so is the Lord round about every soldier who prays.

11. Though pay-day comes, and there be no amount of pension in my pocket, and hard times stare me in the face, and poverty would slay me, yet will I trust in the Lord. (Valley.)

12. Yet in the day when Thou, oh, Lord, dost give us a good job, and cause our purses to be fat, yet do we be stingy, and forget to put in our cartridges.

13. Pledge me from my tobacco, and then shall my mouth be clean to sing and shout Thy praise, oh, Thou most adorable Saviour.

14. Canst thou in me a desire to sell Wan Chan, and help me to buy one for myself every week, oh, Lord. The Captain shall hear thereof and be glad. (Valley.) F. E. S.

Will intensify the reverence of a Cathedral—the Easter Supplement.

## ENGLISH PROVERBS.

"As the old bird crows, so the young one learns."

"A chip of the old block."

"An evil lesson is soon learned."

"As you sow, so shall you reap."

"He that sows not corn, plants thistles."

"All examples are like contagious diseases."

"Example teaches more than precept."

"Saying and doing are two different things."

"One bad example spoils many good people."

"Practice what you preach."

## The Churches and the S. A.

## OPINION OF REV. SAM JONES.

In a recent interview, that well-known evangelist, Rev. Sam Jones, of Cartersville, Georgia, U. S., gave this reply in answer to the following question:—

INTERVIEWER.—"How do you think the present church organization could be reformed so as to bring about the best spiritual results?"

REV. SAM JONES.—"Our numbers make us an unwieldy army. Our want of unity cripples us in our plans. We all agree that something ought to be done, but we can never agree upon methods. Year after year two millions multiply, gambling halls flourish, shameless houses get in their work. The rank and file of the church are idle, and the opinions of the hosts of

## Israel Cannot Agree

upon any plan of battle, or as to the methods by which the church can be led on to victory. Some prefer stagnation, some innovation, and prejudice and conservatism dominate the church to-day. The Salvation Army is the most effective Christian force in the world at the present time. They do not stickle for methods, but are all united on the proposition that

## Sin is a Disease.

universal in its influence, and that Jesus Christ is the only divine Saviour. Without creed or doctrine they go to the world with these two propositions. They use drum and fife, they wear red shirts and sing popular songs to attract attention and draw the multitude to their places of worship. Meanwhile, the dignified pastor of divinity sticksle for decency and order; sermons are in a full house, and eighty is a tardy jam in his church."—Exchange.

## SIGNS OF LUKEWARMNESS.

Lukewarmness is a sign which, strictly speaking, belongs only to those who make a profession of religion. The ungodly are not lukewarm, they are decidedly cold. The lukewarm person may hold the form of sound doctrine, avoid gross immorality, and be a member of some Christian church; no one may be able to lay any specific charge against his character before the world; he is not totally dead in the spiritual life, but like a man seriously diseased for whom great fears are entertained as to whether he will ever recover.

Notice the signs of this evil disease:

1. An indifference in attending the ordinances of public and social worship; trifling things in the weather, in the family, in business, in health, are raised as excuses and hindrances.

2. More attention paid to the character of the minister and the sermon than to the truth which is preached; the devotional parts of the service are of less importance than the sermon; hence late attendance; they do not like faithful preaching, they like smooth things; eloquence, oratory, and such like human exhibitions are more thought of than divine power, which searches the heart.

3. Family worship is subordinate to amusements, to visitors, to business, to indifference in sleep, to the fear of men.

4. Family government is lax; children are not religiously trained; are not instructed in godliness; are allowed to read books, to sing songs, to form connections, and to frequent places which are far from encouraging Christian living.

5. Private devotion, while not fully neglected, is kept up as a compromise with conscience.

6. There is no particular choice as to the company with which he keeps.

7. There is loose integrity in pursuit of worldly gains even under the show of religious obligations.

8. There is no reproving the wicked for their sins, and no effort to do them good even when all things are in favor of their doing so.

9. There is spiritual pride as in the Land of Canaan; they thought themselves rich, increased in goods, and in need of nothing; whereas they were poor, blind and miserable.

It is a fearful thing to have these symptoms in spiritual life; they indicate the near approach of death; they are symptoms self-induced and self-sustained, such as self may remove by the help which Christ affords; hence He says to him who is the subject of them, "I command thee to lay up no gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich," etc. (Rev. III. 18.)

How many Christians are there who so thoroughly believe God made them that they can laugh in God's name; who understand that God invented laughter and gave it to His children? The Lord of gladdens delights in the laughter of a merry heart.—The Canadian Church Juvenile.

## The Commandant,

The Brigadiers,

The Majors,

The Staff-Captains,

The Adjutants,

The Ensigns,

The Brigade-Captains,

The Captains,

The Lieutenants,

The Sergeant-Majors,

The Sergeants,

The Special Correspondents,

The Soldiers,

The Juniors,

The Auxiliaries,

The Friends,

The Front Seat People,

The Back Seat People,

The Sympathizers,

The Critics,

The Toughs, the Wide Wide World of Readers of the Canadian WAR CRY ought not to be without the

SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER OF THE "WAR CRY."

AND ITS

- - Exquisite Supplement. - -

## The Psalms of Shea.

1. I was glad when they said unto me, come let us go up into the Salvation Army barracks; there will we give our testimony, and declare what the Lord hath done for us.

2. What do the death rags and the people imagine evil things? Is not God with us, performing great things in our barracks?

3. Therefore will we rejoice greatly, and do a jig occasionally. The people shall behold and wonder if that is Salvation.

4. Blessed is that man who sticks to the Army, wears his red gummy, and sticks it in the back ends of the lukewarm; nor walketh not in the counsel of the highmen; nor layeth abed at seven o'clock on Sunday morning.

5. But his delight is in moving songs; and in the prayer meetings he doth pray as if his head would fly off.

6. Cry out and shout, then soldier of Winnipeg, for guns in the Holy Ghost, Who is with us. (Valley.)

7. Lift up thy head when thou prayest, oh, soldier, and try not to put in between thy knees on the floor, looking as if thou wert trying to stand on thy head.

8. In Thee, oh, Lord, do I put my trust; keep Thou me well saved, and deliver me from ever being a milk-and-water kind of a soldier.

9. Truly, God is good to Salvationists. Never since I was saved have I lacked any

## Early Impressions Indelible.

A Roman Catholic Archbishop is reported as saying, "Give me a child till he is seven years old and you may have him afterwards."

And why? Because he believes that, any what you say, the standard of home is then set up in his heart for certain.

First impressions of childhood are generally indelible, growing and deepening with its growth; becoming a part of the child's nature, and which, if evil, only the new birth can uproot. Parents, while your children are young, is saving time; the reaping is to come, and what shall the harvest be?

Are you a soldier; going to every meeting possible, your children with you, claiming a full salvation and living in the light? I tell you, if your life has one visible flaw, these mischievous cries of your children have found it out. If they cry out to-night, "What is full salvation?" happy soldier who can say, "My child, it is living as Christ lived; so you see papa and mamma doing." Happy soldier, is it you?

## EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.

"Don't you ever take wine?" said one evangelist to a friend, "are you afraid of it?"

"No," replied his wise friend, "I am afraid of the example."





## Mitrailleuse

about England Great- this war, means of hideous sweating in flame.

ationists got a DEATH RATTLE SAVED sets of Sacramento. There is no

W HOME OF RENT for the Pacific is expected to be opened on March.

re about 21,000 women in the plum of Great Britain and Ire

were recently REMOVED from off San Francisco, by the Sals's steam launch, "Theodore."

is read the Young Soldier's" says a Cry. It is ever bright and well of refreshment to parents, lying draught for children.

WAR PRIZE, of Finland, is chan- the Army's cause, and doing about victory for the Salva-

corps reported upon in Great WARD SYSTEM is being worked Wards, with 1,112 Sergeants forming up with rapidity.

' said Uncle Moore, "in a heap dollar. Do best way to find out what he is made of is to climb

OWNS can be done by the voice by the feet, as was illustrated the the Roma Captain and Lieuten-

THE LAND—Seven years ago, persons were tilling small hold- At the present time, the the French people have become

the sittings of the ORTHO COMMISSION, one witness stated that he case where an officer of the parliament had uprooted the of a riot who refused to grow

ored Plantation Specialists are times at a San Francisco corps. mented the cotton pickers at the last Thursday, with great suc-

one P. Kwing thinks that there deal of Christianity in war the towns that armistice are

ally cooked food. "Grossly", watery vegetables, "dread- and bread, in many cases, con- to stimulants.

a woman dances for a living in area of abundance. But he it by those who would "eat these poor helpless outcasts, if them can trace back their ward steps to the wicked machine- wealthy society-accepted man. ington Henth, in Harper's

Italian Cry comments thus:— "A hand by this mail. He of have been brightening and by splendor in readiness, no the new editor. Major Complin one who have been running the the interregnum, came the al teams to use the whip to sort of a lead."

ardie, the Captain and Lie- the "pulpit" in turn, and "preaching" moves among the to keep them quiet. One, drunk to be renowned with the officers were asked to proce- officers they denounced. The however, and when released, the officers with apologies and

## Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

## England.

— TUNE—Joy! Joy! Joy! (B.J. 10.)  
BY HANDBORN WALLER.

1 Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Hellish fires are around us burning.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Destroying precious souls.  
Who will go—who will go  
Forth to rescue them from woe?  
Filled with love from above,  
Let them God's salvation know!  
With holy hearts and eager hands  
Snatch from the fire the burning brands.  
Hint to the Cross with loving hands  
These never-dying souls!

CHORUS.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Heart and soul with sin contending.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Flame is not save the lost!

Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Still destruction's flames are raging.  
Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Consuming young and old.  
We will go, we will go,  
And the power of Jesus show,  
For we've proved that His blood  
Makes the vilest white as snow.  
We'll bring them to the Cleansing Wave,  
And quench the flame which in them raves.  
With Jesus' love, Who lives to save  
These never-dying souls!

## New Zealand.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS, CHRISTCHURCH.  
TUNE—Line of Judah.

2 When I first saw the Army marching the street, sir,  
I thought it was funny; I said they were mad;  
But now I belong to this funny concern, sir;  
Salvation I have, and it's that makes me glad.

CHORUS.  
Yes, I'm glad I have joined 'em. I'm glad I have joined 'em;  
I'm a blood and fire soldier to the crown of my head;  
I love the pole banner that our leaders do wear, sir,  
I am proud of my 'S' and gateway of red.



"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!  
A pattern I should be:  
Aye, I should live before him  
So he find me fault in me.  
But can't to me in every case  
As one who he deems true  
And can be taken in case to gain  
A home beyond the sea.

Of course, you will tell us that it is quite wrong, sir.  
To say that our sins have been all swept away;  
Well, I'm glad I belong to this blood and fire concern, sir,  
Who can point to the place just as well as the day.  
Yes, the burden was shifted—oh, glory to Jesus—  
And God, in His mercy, spoke peace to my soul;  
And He gave me a ticket that will take me to heaven,  
If I will be faithful and go to the goal.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!  
My brother looks to me  
To tell him, that he stand his ground  
And a true warrior be.  
He looks for kind and cheering words  
To help him on his way,  
And claims his right to my support  
When in the deadly fray.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!  
If he should go astray,  
My duty is to go to him  
In a kind, gentle way,  
And tell him where he has done wrong  
And help him gain the task,  
And help him think of pressing on  
And not of going back.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes!  
The Saviour holds me so;  
He lays on me my brother's life  
Whenever I may go.  
Lord, help me to do my duty well,  
And Thy true follower be,  
That if my brother falls, his loss  
May not be laid on me!

It is years ago, now, since I got on this track, sir,  
The track that will lead to the city of gold;  
The devil would like me again to come back, sir,  
But I'm not going to do it—I know him of old.  
For daily I'm proving that religion is best, sir,  
It gives me such happiness, comfort and joy;  
Such joy that the world is unable to give, sir;  
Such peace that the devil can never destroy.

## Australia.

BY ISABELLA DOUGLASS.

TUNE—Her bright smile knows me still.

3 Sinner, God is calling yet,  
Shall He plead with you in vain?  
Can you all His love reject,  
Will you still in sin remain?  
Listen to the pleading voice  
Of the Christ Who died for thee:  
Hasten, now make Him thy choice,  
While He waits to set you free.

Repeat last two lines for chorus.

Think of years all wasted, gone,  
Spent in sin, and lost for aye;  
Time is still fast speeding on,  
Then no time, no more delay.  
For our God will not be mocked,  
You must reap what'er you sow:  
At your heart He long has knocked,  
All because He loves you so.

Are sin's paths no passing sweet,  
No earth's pleasures satisfy?  
Bringing joy when God you meet  
At the Judgment by-and-by?  
For life's morning watch is fast,  
And eternity draws near:  
Looking back upon thy past,  
Be its memories bloom and cheer!

## India.

BY KRISHNA.

TUNE—I wait Thee, oh, I need Thee!

4 Jesus, with yearning heart  
I come to Thee:  
List to my cry—reveal  
Thyself to me.

CHORUS.  
Baptize me, oh, baptize me,  
For the fight baptize me,  
Of dying souls a saviour  
I long to be.

Baptize me with Thy promise,  
That I may know  
Continual victory  
O'er every foe.

Baptize me with Thy love,  
Nought else can win  
Souls that are perishing  
Deep down in sin.

## Facts About Folks.

The General has promised to visit Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Sweden.

Colonel Dowdell spent his fifty-third birthday at sea en route to Australia.

Colonel Lucy Booth will shortly visit England.

Commissioner Coombe is arranging to be in England for the C. P.

Major Lawie's recent tour yielded one hundred new members of the Light Brigade.

Major Ross' son and daughter are both about ten—the former days, the latter years.

More Music.—Mrs. Bandmaster Appleby has presented the Army with another daughter.

Staff-Captain Moss, of Australia, has a little son.

Brigadier Jacobs and family and Captain Raynor return to Canada in the *Levanston*, on March 21st.

Staff-Captain Douglas, who has been in Dublin for some weeks on account of family affairs, returns to London this week.

Major Hinchcliffe visited the Jamaicans, who, he says, are much misunderstood and misled. All the children on the island can sing modern hymns like larks.

Mr. Hewitt, a surveyor of Haslehead, green twenty-five cents a week to send *War Cry* to Tubum Pinn.

The Rev. Mr. Edson, a Methodist New Connexion minister, was converted under the General thirty years ago. The son of Mr. Edson was also brought to God last autumn through the instrumentality of the General, and to now a candidate for the work.

"Then," a valued contributor to the *Young Soldier*, and esteemed personal correspondent Staff-Captain Ward, is a great-grand-daughter of William Brewster, the great Methodist of a hundred years ago. She aspires to Salvation Army citizenship.

The width of the Sheffield platform at the opening was tremendous. Commissioner Howard, Colonel Pellard, Majors Lindsay and Wright gave it Australian dimensions: Colonel Lawley and Major Hodder, Europeans; and Colonel Ross and Major Peck, Canadians.

Dr. Channing says: "The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man on earth, is spreading silently but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be, but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A consciousness of it has seized upon the public mind. Even the most selfish portions of Society are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they are designed."

The Christian firm of Messrs. Cadbury & Co., cocoa manufacturers, take the most solicitous care of their girl employees. A cup of warm tea, and a hot biscuit are given to every girl on her arrival each morning. An hour is allowed for dinner. Opportunity is allowed for changing damp boots, which can be placed on racks above hot-water pipes. A playground, shut in by trees, is also provided; besides which the wages are above the average.

## Parker's Dictionary.

DEFINITIONS.—*condemnation*. The Webster defines the word condemnation. The moment one's soul is condemned, the commission passes judgment, and even, "guilty." In some countries, one who is condemned as a felon (unless pardoned by the governor or government) before their term expires, they lose the right of citizenship in said country. A follower of Christ, who is condemned through the things which he alloweth, loses his right of citizenship to the Heavenly Kingdom.

DISCOURAGE.—discouraged. "All discouragement is of the devil," so reads a Garrison saying. A couple testified, "When I am down in the month I just look to Jesus, and he encourages me on."

ADrift.—floating at random. Some folks seem to make a great to-do over the fact that there are two hundred and fifty abandoned hulks floating at random on the Atlantic. Still folks pay very little, in fact, no attention to the fact that there are thousands of human wrecks floating around on the sea of time.

MACHINE.—an engine. One of our local officers testified, "Oh, I want God to make me a converting machine!" Engines with fire and fuel, usually accomplish something, and finally reach their destination. Engines, like Salvationists without any power, have a name to live, but still are dead.

COMPLAINT.—accusation. People often complain that Salvationists are too outspoken in their denunciation of sin and sinners. On one occasion, a young lady called to the officers' quarters to see the Captain to lodge a complaint against the Lieutenant. She said she wrote at her. "What did he say?" enquired the Captain. "He told me I was going to hell!"

## TRIALS.

Our Heavenly Father deals with us something after the manner of an ancient pastor with his pupil. The young artist produced a picture of much merit, which was greatly admired by all. His young heart was swayed by vanity. He laid aside his palette and pencil, and sat daily before his easel admiring the offspring of his own genius. One morning he found his beautiful creations expunged from the canvas. He wept bitterly. His master appeared and said, "I have done this for your benefit, the picture was ruining you." "How so?" demanded the pupil. "Because, in the admiration of your own talents, you were losing the love of the art itself. Take your pencil and try again." The youth dried his tears, seized his pencil, and produced a masterpiece, which, but for this severe trial, he would in all probability have never executed.

At the "Mills Meeting" in Montreal the great Evangelist—who is being owned by God in such a wonderful way—said:

When Mrs. Booth held a meeting in New York, she had with her on the platform six or seven women, all dressed, who looked as though they had just been rescued. Mills wondered who they were; and when he saw their faces the mystery deepened, for their faces were like saints. Mrs. Booth introduced them as *slum captives*. They gave their report. They lived on Cherry Hill, the worst part of New York, in two rooms with no furniture; went down into the saloons and dives to manifest Christ unto those who were bound by the chains of vice. "I used to drive my own carriage," said one of them, "and was wretched and now I have unspeakable joy and peace." "You may pity me," said another; "we rather pity you." "Thank God for the opportunity we have to tell the unsaved of Christ." If Jesus were here to-day, He would go where He went when He was on earth, into the places of vice and crime.

